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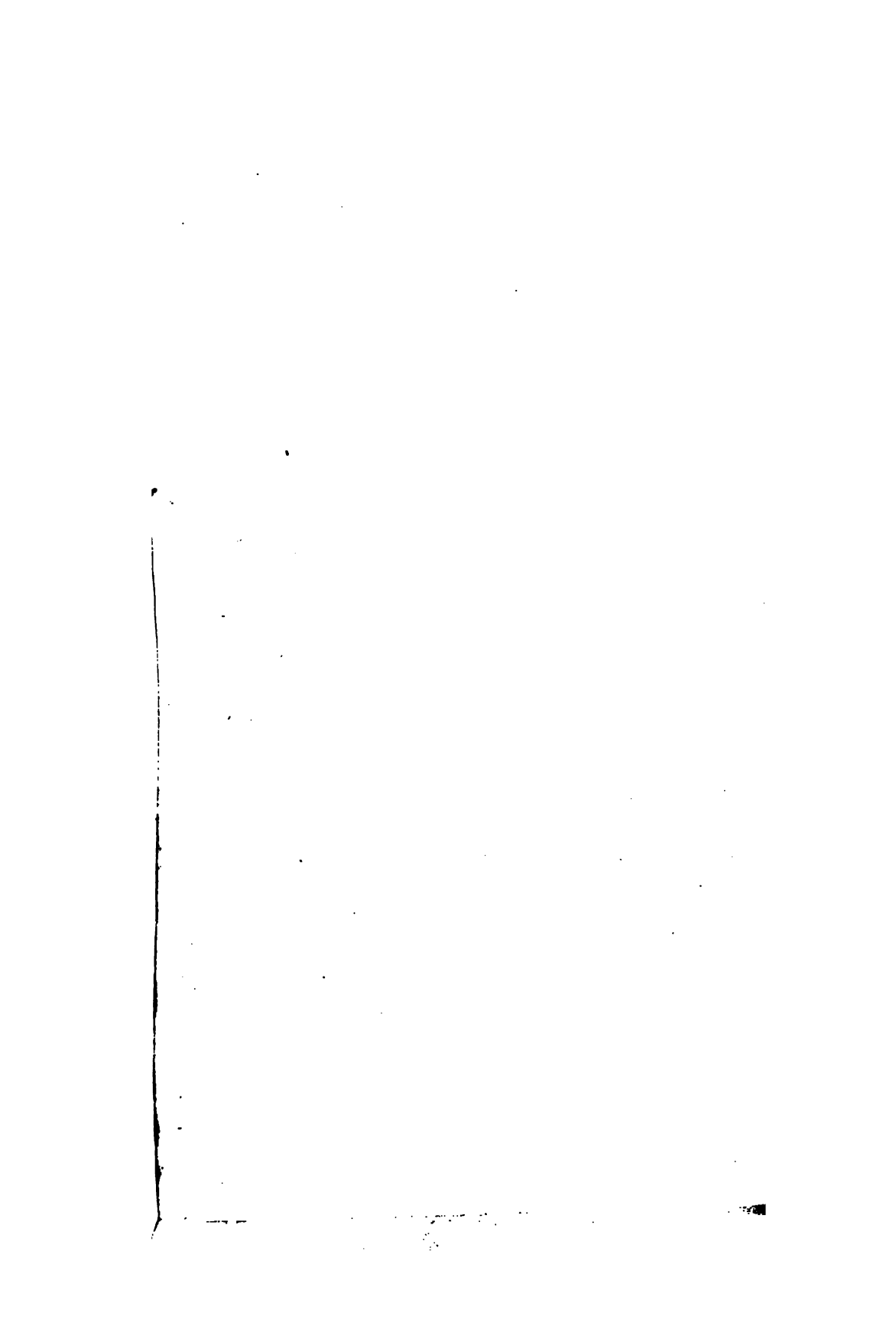
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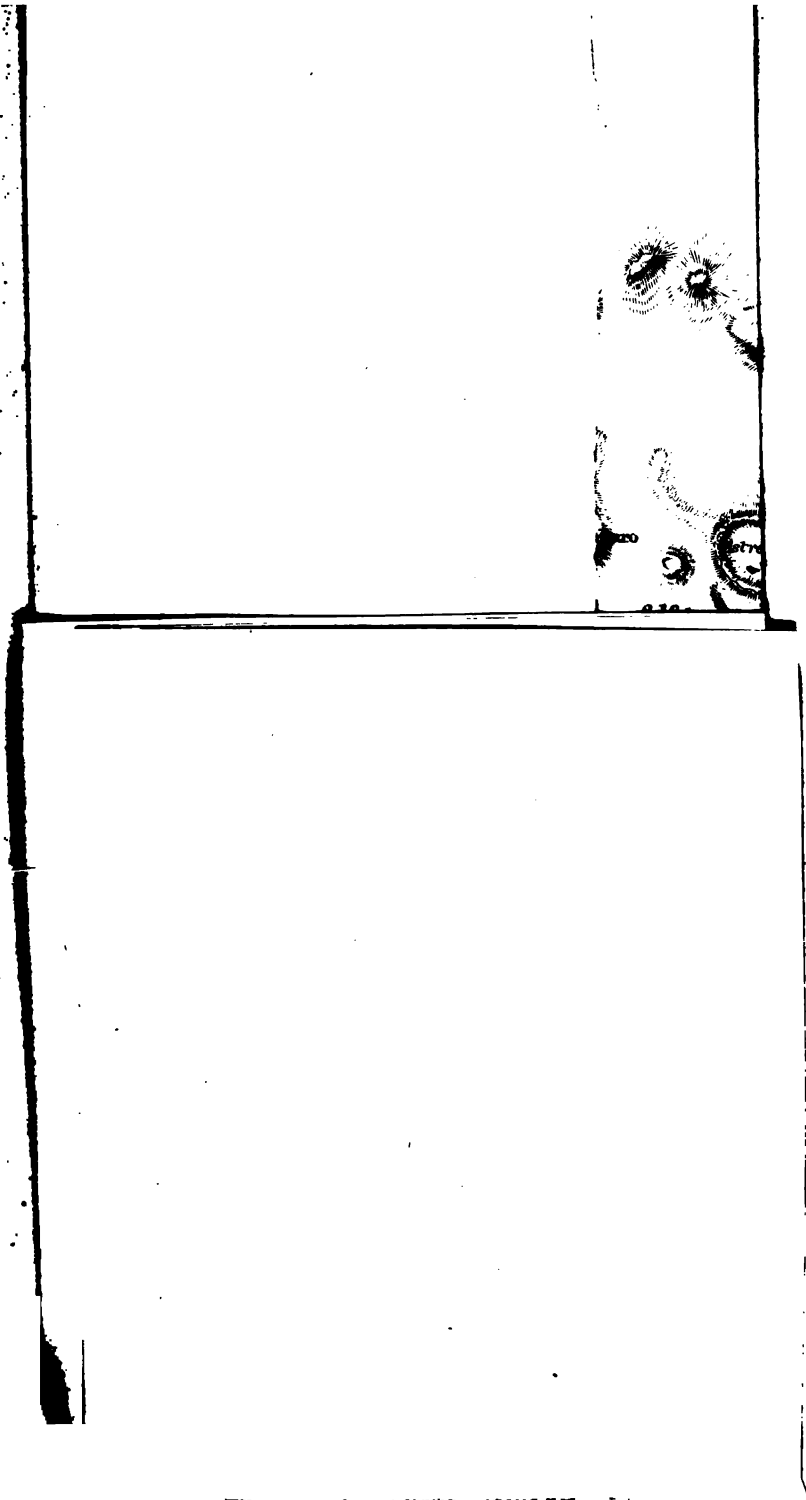


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✓ **CUMA,** *1836*

50
THE WARRIOR-BARD OF ERIN,

And other Poems.

BY

JOHN RICHARD BEST, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

"TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS," "TRANSRHENANE MEMOIRS," &c.

And what I write I cast upon the stream
To swim or sink—I've had at least my dream.

BYRON.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

1829.

386.



BATH:

MARY MEYLER, PRINTER, HERALD-OFFICE, ABBEY CHURCH-YARD.

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PREFACE.

I AM well aware of the risk I incur in presenting a volume of poems to the public ; but I am encouraged by the flattering approbation which reviewers have bestowed upon my prose works :* may I hope that the present attempt will meet with an equally favourable reception ?

It will be perceived that to describe the scenery of Naples is the principal object of the first of these Tales. To this end, I have deemed that a map might not be unserviceable. I have also introduced the researches of the Canon ANDREA DE JORIO on the topography of the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

* See the extracts at the end of this volume.

To me, they appear curious ; and I own that, while at Naples, I was much interested by his opinions ; I do not, therefore, present my translation of his able pamphlet as a mere note—the general purport of such being to *make up* a volume ; nor do I lay claim to the praise due to modesty when I assert my belief that the classical reader may find it the most attractive portion of the work. Bishop Warburton discovers, in the sixth book of Virgil, a description of the Eleusinian mysteries : Protestant divines are little known on the Continent, and his conclusions are not alluded to by the Canon : but their several opinions are, in no way, incompatible ; and the classical scholar who approves of the ingenious dissertation in the “ Divine Legation of Moses ” cannot, I think, read the opinions of the learned Canon without interest. In giving a translation of his pamphlet, I have taken the liberty of availing myself of his very accurate map.

Such is the character of the first of these compositions : the style of the second is completely different, and will, probably, be preferred by many.

One word on the circumstances which have induced me to lay these poems before the public:—were I to say that, when I first began to write them, I did not contemplate their publication, I should merely assert what every one knows *must* be the case of all votaries of the Muses. *Poeta nascitur*: true; but circumstances alone make him discover that such is his destiny. Far be it from me to set forth similar claims. The first of these poems originated in idle listlessness during a tour to Vienna and Dresden; and though I do not affect indifference as to its success, yet my motto explains the feelings with which I look upon this volume: I have been amused for the time. Too indolent, too modest, or too proud to submit my compositions to the unknown tribunal of a London publisher, and unwilling myself to incur the expense of publication—these writings would, probably, have lain by me unnoticed and forgotten. But all bards have friends eager to bring their effusions before the public; and the kind opinion of such an one, induced me to allow him to collect subscriptions to defray the first risks. But here “indolence, or modesty, or pride” again in-

terfered: unwilling to exert myself to add names to those which had already been written down, and perceiving that my intentions and *versifying tendencies* had already, in some degree, been divulged—I was compelled to take a middle course, and thus resolved to offer myself to the public.

Such is the confession which, though matter of indifference to the unknown reader, I am induced to make those friends who kindly commenced the unfinished subscription. Should this volume meet with success, they will be gratified by the thought of having introduced it; should it fail, I shall not consider myself the less indebted to them for their kind intentions and the good opinion which they had—it would seem erroneously—been induced to form.

BATH, MARLBOROUGH-BUILDINGS,
3d July, 1829.

CUMA,

OR

THE MAID OF ISCHIA :

A

DESCRIPTIVE HISTORICAL TALE.

**“ Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
“ Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give.”**

MOORE.

**“ Oh wretched state ! oh bosom black as death !
“ Oh limed soul that, struggling to be free,
“ Art more engaged !”**

SHAKESPEAR.

INTRODUCTION.

A PERPENDICULAR rock, covered with ruins and creeping-plants, rises abruptly in the wide plain that extends from the western shore to the mountains of BAJA: this is the ROCK OF CUMA. Its present state will be further explained in the course of the poem, and in the antiquarian and classical pamphlet of my learned friend the Canon DE JORIO.

The time of the first foundation of the city of CUMA is unknown. Its subsequent flourishing state and the extent of its power until its incorporation with the Roman people, are matters of interest to the local historian only; but, situated in the centre of the region of fable, the poets of antiquity have endeared it to the classical scholar of every nation.

When the superior natural beauties of BAJA at length rendered the eastern coast of the promontory a more fashionable retreat for the wealthy and luxurious Romans, the prosperity of CUMA began to decline; and it appears that, even in the time of Juvenal, it had been completely supplanted by BAJA:—

Laudo, tamen, *vacuis* quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, et unum civem donare Sibillæ.
Janua Baiarum est.

The ruin of the Roman Empire necessarily occasioned that of CUMA; and, in turn, it suffered from the ravages of the Goths, the Lombards, and the Romans of the Eastern Empire.

At length, in the year 1207 of the Christian æra, when it had become the asylum of robbers and pirates, the Neapolitans completely destroyed it, and its population was scattered on the surrounding hills.*

On its allusion to this event, is founded the only claim which the following Tale can shew to

* CAPACCIO *Storia di Napoli*, lib. II.

historical interest. But **NAPLES** is the fairy land of all our travellers in **ITALY**; and though none can be more sensible than myself of my inability to do justice to its dear, sunny scenery, yet I trust that my attempts to describe it will not be wholly uninteresting, either to those who have visited, or to those who intend to visit, its lovely shores: and should they have no other readers than such as constitute these two classes, the following pages will be sufficiently popular.



CUMA,
OR
THE MAID OF ISCHIA.

Canto the First.

I.

DESERTED shore !—although thy charms are flown,
Though stript of all that bounteous Nature gave,
Though now thy towering palaces are gone—
With those who reared them, sunk in one wide grave—
That grave their country—while thy changeless wave
Moans a soft death-dirge to the balmy air
That sighs along the coast it still must lave ;
And—bowed by fate—thy timid sons despair
To hurl despotic thralldom from thy mountains fair—

II.

A northern bard shall sing thee ! One who, born
In colder lands, has loved thy radiant clime,
And wept to see thee of thy beauty shorn,
Thy grape no longer o'er thy mountains climb,

But, lingering, strive to hide the wrecks of time. ⁽¹⁾

But yet he shall not thus thy lot deplore ;
Thy faded charms shall deck his loving rhyme :
E'en though its former splendour be no more,
What favoured land can rival BAJA's desert shore ?

III.

And thou, bright sun ! whose varied tints from high
I loved to trace o'er mountain, sea, and plain,
Oh ! send one ray from NAPLES' glorious sky,
Let memory see thy cherished beams again,
Although they wake a dream unreal and vain !
'Midst northern clouds, which thou hast taught to hate,
How oft of thy forced absence I complain !
Then lend me one stray beam while I relate
An ancient, feudal tale of CUMA's ruined state.

IV.

The sun was sinking in the glowing wave
That stretched beyond fair CUMA's radiant shore,
Yet still a lingering look it fondly gave
As though 'twere doomed to see those hills no more ;
And still another lingering look it cast
As though that parting look would be the last.

It seemed to sink—'twas but the heaving tide

That slowly rose before its even rays :

Again, ascending high, it seems to ride—

No ; 'tis the sea whose shrinking surface plays—

And shows the gorgeous look of brighter days,

And, smiling thus, to woo it back essays.

Why must it quit the lovely cherished scene ?

Why 'neath the ocean trace its weary way ?

No fairer, brighter spot is elsewhere seen—

Oh, let it here prolong the joyous day !

Alas ! 'tis thus when those who love are parted,

When dearest—truest friends are torn away !—

Its burning, lingering beams it fondly darted—

It went—returned again, as if to stay :

The sea lies calm and smooth in treacherous rest,

And ever brightly smiles, nor seems to grieve ;

But those deep sighs that slowly heave its breast—

So still and even—no ! they can't deceive !—

Thus calm and heavily young bosoms move

When proudly parting from the one they love.

V.

The moon high o'er Sorrento's mountain rides ;

On Naples' purple gulph its radiance glides

To CAPE MISENO's lofty, hoary head :
A moment there its lingering beams are shed,
Then o'er the trembling wave they brightly play,
And gleam across POZZUOLI's neighbouring bay.
How lovely is the mild and silvery track

Thus formed upon the calm sea's midnight breast—
One glittering line across the dreary, black
Expanse, that lowering hovers o'er the rest !
How like the dear, loved, unforgotten hour,
That shed a brighter beam o'er life's dull days ;—
But grief and care regained their wonted power,
O'ershadowing soon its heaven-descended rays ;
Gloom—gloom is every where, above, around,
Hope's luring whispers now no longer sound !

VI.

And ALNO stands beside the beacon tower
That overlooks and awes each neighbouring coast ; (2)
From CUMA spreads the wild, uncertain power
Of his more wild and dreaded pirate host.
And 'gainst it royal NAPLES wars in vain :
O'er land and sea extends its fierce domain.
The peaceful peasant's hut is insecure :—
A show of plenty fails not to allure.
The merchant trusts his all upon the wave,
But scarcely hopes the slender store to save ;

In every creek there lurks some treacherous bark,
 That waits not even till the skies be dark,
 But, bearing fiercely on its timid prey,
 O'erwhelms with shock that nothing can delay.
 And shall this last ? Shall ROGER tamely wait
 Till storm the rebels at his palace-gate ?
 Not so ! He swears their growing power to break,
 And dreadful vengeance upon CUMA wreak !

VII.

Beside the lofty tower young ALNO stood,
 And overlooked that beauteous sea and land,
 And islands buoyed upon the moon-lit flood,
 That brightly glittered round each mimic strand.
 The soft breeze—sighing from the starry west—
 At length had cooled the languid midnight air,
 And brought new vigour to his anxious breast,
 Weighed down and rent by many a secret care.
 Unknown his race ; but, second in command
 Of those who ruled and fought from CUMA's wall,
 His foes had learned to dread him, and his band
 Of reckless followers loved to obey his call :—
 “ Lead on, lead on ; o'er sea, or hill, or plain,
 “ When ALNO leads, he never leads in vain !
 “ Why question what his unknown birth may be ?
 “ His name and race are known to Victory !”

So to themselves the robbers he commanded ;
A daring, lawless troop, by dark deeds branded.

VIII.

“ Still night ! that I could know the happy quiet,
“ That hangs o’er nature at this lovely hour !
“ Becalm the passions that within me riot,
“ Dread conscience ! yield, or re-assert thy power !
“ Why rend my bosom with these vain regrets ?
“ Or quell the cry for vengeance that begets
“ Those crimes I blindly join in, while I hate,
“ Or let my soul be callous to its fate !

“ How often thus I rise and wander here,
“ When darkness overspreads the guilty earth,
“ When discord frightens not the startled ear,
“ And sleep, at length, those sounds of wretched mirth
“ That ancient rock so long is doomed to hear !
“ How oft I hasten from my restless pillow
“ Where thoughts of fire oppress my burning heart,
“ And, gazing down upon the silvery billow,
“ Try—vainly try— to heal its conscious smart !
“ Admiring, fearless bands await my voice,
“ But can such praise my haughty soul rejoice ?
“ The praise of villains is a deep-dyed stain
“ That honour’s sullied stream flows o’er in vain !

"How low my once-proud heart has now descended !
"Oh, had my early fate with thine been blended,
"LUCIAbut away this idle tear !
"The hour of vengeance must, at length, appear !"

IX.

Thus honour—conscience—smite his soul ! In vain
He strives against the empire they retain.
Thus conscience rends his breast : but how obey
And yield his spirit to its lingering sway ?
In him, religion's early-nurtured fire
Still burns—but burns with damned discord dire ;
Still burns, though vice and crimes obscure its light
And veil its radiance 'mid the lowering night
Of sin whose clouds it would in vain disperse ;
Its struggling fire is now a maddening curse ;
His soul, too deeply sunk, despairs to rise,
Beholds its fallen state—looks back—and sighs.

Still sighs and bleeds. Though passion's whelming force
Could urge him on to sin, yet wild remorse
Returning, rent his weakly-wavering heart,
And vice and warring virtue joined to impart
A feeling of regret and mad despair
By painting each in hues more foul or fair.

Nor sinned his erring soul unwittingly,
Nor virtue left without a parting sigh ;
But sudden wrested from its even way
By fate—by wayward passions' heady sway,
Soon as the first strong, wildering impulse past,
Remorse its darkening, angry terrors cast
Upon his fevered brain. But oh ! too slight
Their startling power ! Although the wakening light
Of conscience rouse again his guilty soul,
Its flame is all too fleeting to controul ;
It throws one fiercely-flashing, mad'ning glare
On every blood-stained crime, on every care
That bids his struggling, timid heart despair ;
To anguish only gains one wavering hour—
Then yields again to passion's whelming power !

X.

In such a mood—thus torn by secret grief,
And conscience that could give no proud relief,—
Its lingering power, though weak, by far too strong
For those whose sinful deeds and murderous throng
He joined—was ALNO wont to stray at night,
Retired from all his band's obtrusive sight ;
From those, whose lowly natures knew no part
In gentler thoughts that fed his bleeding heart,

And bade him from their base carousals fly,
To seek in pitying nature sympathy :
Thus vainly mused he many an hour away,
Till night was lost in the now-coming day.

XI.

Hark ! From the watch-tower high a trumpet sounds !
The fort below repeats the well-known sign ;
A lofty vessel o'er the blue sea bounds ;
Its milk-white sails in bright refulgence shine.
The anchor's quickly thrown ;—'tis safely moored ;—
Cries gladly hail it from the friendly shore ;
The sails are furl'd—the slender boat is lowered :—
The swelling surge it dashes lightly o'er.

XII.

LORENZO strides through CUMA's thronged streets ;
With silent looks his lawless friends he greets :
They watch him—fiercely deem all is not right,
And hail with dauntless joy the promised fight.
Their sturdy chieftain shows nor hope nor fear,
But summons ALNO, his lieutenant, near ;
And pacing quickly o'er the echoing stone,
Thus speaks in calm—determined—reckless tone :

XIII.

- “ This night, King ROGER’s army will assail
“ Our well-proved fortress; he has all prepared ;
“ But let him onward come ! The attack will fail ;—
“ All hope and dare again what once they ’ve dared ;
“ And while the COUNT of ISCHIA’s strength and might,
“ Leagued with the royal troops, against us fight,
“ Thyself, this night, from hence must swiftly sail,
“ And seek his castle on high ISCHIA’s shore :
“ Select a trusty band : the evening gale
“ Must bear thy vessels hence—till then, no more !”

Canto the Second.

I.

**On ! the long summer days on POSILIPO'S shore,
When you sigh till the heats of the morning are o'er—
Impatiently sigh till the mornings are past,
And the shadows of evening descended at last !
They come—and how quickly they veil from the mind
Each complaint that has lingered from noonday behind !
Do you fly from the radiance of bright beauty's spell,
And prefer the cold gaze whence no pain ever fell ?
Then scorn not the charms of those dear sunny skies
Though too lovely and bright be their glorious dies.**

**Have you gazed when the sun beyond ISCHIA descended,
And sea, hills, and sky all their fair colours blended ?
Have you met the cool breeze as it came from the west,
As calm as a soul from the land of the blest,
And ope'd, to receive it, your light summer vest ?**

Have you loved the sweet odours it wafted along,
And freshest of perfumes, by soft kisses culled
From the green orange groves it had tarried among—
Its noon-day repose by their fair blossoms lulled ?
Have you watched as it stole o'er the bright languid sea,
Till the silvery billows declared all their glee
As they rose—broke in laughter—then fled joyously ?
Have you heard when unbound was the boat's idle sail,
And it playfully opened to sport with the gale ?
Have you known the blithe song that arises again,
And the fisher's loud cry that sweeps over the bay,
And black eyes that flash full of joy and of pain
As they tell all the thoughts they have dreamed in the day ?
Have you seen how all nature awakened anew
When, lovingly, o'er it the cool breezes flew ?—
If not, go—fly quickly—oh ! lose not an hour
Till that scenery o'er you its witchery pour !

II.

The rower's parting cry is heard no more ;
The cable's slipped ; the sails are hoisted high ;
The slender barges leave the classic shore
And, swiftly darting, past MISENO fly.
The wave-washed ruins they are gliding o'er, ⁽³⁾
Are little heeded by the careless crew,
Who mid the walls that round and 'neath them lie,
Pursue a winding course—well-known and true

Confiding in the steady pilot's gaze,
That fixed on the transparent glittering wave—
Directs the vessel through the pathless maze
Of crumbling ruins those bright waters lave.

III.

“ My bleeding heart is like this treacherous sea ”—
 So thinks young ALNO, musing at his post,
While o'er the waves his barks undaunted flee,
 And onward swiftly bear his pirate host :—
“ How calm the water's glowing surface shines,
 “ What glittering waves across it gently steal,
“ But, underneath, what dark, deceitful mines
 “ Of shattered, broken ruins they conceal !
“ Last night how gladly I would have decided
 “ To leave these murderous—wild—rebellious bands,
“ And now more gladly far by me they're guided
 “ To steep again in blood their guilty hands !
“ But he by whom my virtuous soul was driven—
 “ Compelled this base—dishonoured course to seek—
“ Compelled to sin what ne'er can be forgiven—
 “ No other way his hostile power to break—
“ This night shall answer for the crime to heaven !
“ Then let my soul with ruthless war be rife !
 “ This night—this night I may revenge my wrongs ;
“ This night, at least, I gladly hail the strife ;
 “ Vengeance, long sought, at length to me belongs.

“ Yes—yes—false Count ! Ere long—ere long the hour
“ So often sighed for—prayed for—is at hand,
“ And thou, this night, shalt sorely rue the power
“ Of him whose honoured name thou daredst to brand !”

IV.

Had ALNO known *who* of those walls was guest,
What different mood had fired his vengeful breast !
She for whose love he slighted honour's call
Was now an inmate of his foe's wide hall.
Dear, drooping girl ! In vain thy father's care
Would seek to win thee from thy sad despair ;
In vain, by change of place, he fondly tries
To re-illumine the flash of those dark eyes ;
In vain he bears thee over ISCHIA's shore—
New scenes delight not one who hopes no more.
When he she loved—by dark report o'ercome—
Had fled in secret from their native home ;
Had fled—not left one parting word to tell
If aught he hoped—had sighed no dear farewell—
To dark uncertainty and anguish given—
Still would she raise her orisons to heaven ;
To heaven full oft her quivering lips address,
And bared to heaven's high throne her anxious breast.

V.

Too brief such solace high ; ere long her soul
Gives way to grief she seeks not to controul.
No longer hope can cheer her faltering mind—
Its whisperings now can no fond credence find.
Dread apathy has struck her spirit low,
And tears no longer comfort as they flow.
Her fixed eye—her pallid, sunken cheek—
Now only move when sighs unconscious break :
So altered now—so ruined that bright mould,
That every mental change once proudly told,
And each fair thought that o'er her spirit played,
Casting a flitting light—that left no darkening shade.

VI.

Her song that once each village legend taught,
And every higher theme with rapture caught ;
That song that, tutored by her magic voice,
Bid tears to flow, or drooping hearts rejoice ;
That echoed every light and blithsome tone,
Waked by light hearts as blithsome as her own,—
That song is silent now : its notes no more
Add music's charm to ISCHIA's fairy shore.
No more is softly heard her light guitar,
Shedding its liquid notes to evening star,

Or—while night's shadows o'er the landscape creep—
Soothing the parting day—like babe that sinks to sleep

Such joy no more is her's. Whene'er she takes
Her mimic harp, one theme unconscious breaks,—
One mournful theme flows from its trembling strings,
And, soft around, her heart's deep sorrow flings :
Still one unchanging theme it loves to sigh,
And charm her grief with solemn melody.
At early morn she watched the wakening day,
And hailed its light with this sad, solemn lay ;
When evening o'er the sea its shadows flung,
She watched the fading beams, and sadly sung ;
Succeeding seasons heard the self-same air,
And learned the accents of her wild despair :
These accents sad still faltered from her breast,
Though changed at times the words her hopeless grief
express.

E'en now ; retiring to that garden bower,
Her trembling music hails each opening flower,
And these drear accents—mournful—soft—and wild—
Break from that heart no sin has e'er defiled :

Spring.

'Tis vain—'tis vain ! Why breathes this fragrant air,
Why glitters all the earth with light and flowers ?
'Tis vain—'tis vain ! The sky may beam thus fair,
And Spring may chase cold Winter's lowering showers,
The birds with wakening carol may repair
From sheltering nests to green reviving bowers—
But all is vain ! In vain all nature smiles
On her whose secret pain no hope beguiles !

'Tis vain ! when grief hangs o'er the blighted heart,
When hope, long cherished, has flown far away,
When sight of other's bliss can but impart
A withering smile ; when each succeeding day—
Sad—heavy—dull—like that it saw depart—
No *future* speeds, no *present* would delay
Ah, no ! Spring idly blossoms every plain—
Drear, hopeless apathy looks on in vain.

Could wild imagination proudly rise,
On buoyant wings of feelings overwrought,
The enraptured soul might seek again those skies—
That blissful heaven, in youth so fondly sought,
That shed its charm o'er earth's realities—
Fancy's young dreams, too soon dispelled by thought—

And leave this barren world—far—far behind
The visioned wanderings of the heaven-born mind ;

But vain! The freshness of the morning light,
That shone o'er youth, is gone for evermore ;
The heart has hoped—the heart has known a blight—
It wakes bereaved of fancy's cherished store !
Vain, then, is every promise of delight,
Vain the dear dream it loved in days of yore.
Some few unchanging bliss through life has led,
But more, far more from whom all bliss is fled !

How many a plant that blossoms now so fast
Will bend its boughs beneath the angry wind,
Then, rising sprightly when the storm is past,
With smiling colours lure the gazer's mind :—
But shattered is its buoyant stem ; the blast
Has left a wound beneath the verdant rind :—
The heart, thus smote by secret sorrow's blow,
Will live awhile—then sink with anguish low.

As plants, thus shattered, ne'er can live again,
So blighted dreams of youth no more can smile !
As these fallen leaves that lie upon the plain
Await the death their lingering hues beguile—
So shall the brightness of the eye prove vain—
The heart is crushed—but, struggling, throbs awhile

Returning Spring ! waft not thy balmy breeze—
'Tis vain ! this world—this world cannot appease !

But, though 'tis vain, yet breathe on, fragrant air !
Still deck the earth with bright and budding flowers !
'Tis vain—'tis vain ! but let the sky shine fair,
And Spring thus chase cold Winter's lowering showers !
With wakening carol let the birds repair
From sheltering nests to green reviving bowers !
Though all be vain, smile on, oh lovely Spring ! . . .
To widowed hopes the grave can solace bring.

Canto the Third.

I.

THOUGH bright the tints while NAPLES' sunbeams last,
Though bright the varying hues their glories cast,
Yet, when the splendours of the morn depart,
How eve's soft influence soothes the feeling heart !
Then o'er the soul long-cherished visions glide,
Then thoughts of old the willing fancy guide,
Or joys to come console for present pain,
With promises that ever lure in vain ;
And hope's bright hues deceive the heavy day,
As wavering moonbeams amid darkness play.

Oh ! all have felt the influence of this hour,
And all have yielded to its soothing power !
Though leaden cares with apathy oppress,
Yet nature strives the frigid soul to bless,—
Implores the stubborn heart with mildness bend,
Nor the soft scene with discord harsh offend.

Though some with crimes may scare the wooing skies
And bid the shriek of misery arise,
Yet even these confess a vague delight—
On darkened souls the sun shines all too bright.

II.

Such hour is passed. High soars the moon ; and now
Its paler radiance veils the twilight glow,
And shrouds the advancing Corsair's murd'rous host.
The warder vainly seeks his wonted post
To guard that none approach the fortress nigh
Till every planet fade before the eye
Of morn's bright orb, and, sweetly smiling, die ;—
As youthful souls will quit earth's fairest clay,
And meekly blend with joy in heaven's Eternal Day.

III.

Behold that tower that over-hangs the main,
How fair the moonbeams rest upon its wall !
And, 'mid the glittering, painted hues that stain
Its windows, see how holily they fall !
How richly o'er them plays the silvery light !
How bright the orb glides through the milk-white sky !
How sweetly sound the rippling waves at night,
As 'gainst the shadowy rocks they fall and die !

List—how the tower-clock peals its mellow notes

Upon the cool and balmy midnight air ;

List—list—how each peal on the sea-breeze floats,

And dies while lingering round a scene so fair !

But see that lamp that burns within the tower ;

Contrast its ruddy light with that above :

There soars the moon : now see how human power

Can ill replace the gifts of nature's love !

Such scenes as these must gentle thoughts inspire ;

To feeling souls they seem for that end given :

Such scenes as these devotion would desire,

In which to raise its prayer from earth to heaven.

Alas ! that crime should chuse this lovely hour,

In which to work its all-polluting power !

IV.

Pass we such deeds. The minstrel should impart

Thoughts that may soothe the good, the feeling heart,

But leave the tale of man's excess and rage,

To bleed and blaze on history's woeful page :

Content if one o'erflowing soul can find,

One line that thrills its own responsive mind,

The bard should gladly turn from scenes of gore

To such as please the loving spirit more.

Than feuds which still are—as they were of yore.

Had CUMA's warriors bled in freedom's right,
 How proud the Muse had registered the fight,
 Nor darkly branded with rebellious name
 Men whose bold deeds had won far loftier fame !
 No rebel he who spurns the tyrant's sway !
 Let triumph consecrate the dubious day
 When first he raised his fluttering banner high,
 And shout his name to an approving sky ;
 Or victory fail him in the hour of need—
 Disclaimed by those for whom he rushed to bleed—
 And sunk his head beneath an adverse fate—
 Howe'er he end, the Muse esteems him GREAT !

But CUMA's bands strive not in freedom's cause,
 Nor lure the strain o'er each bold deed to pause.

V.

The lingering fight is done ; the castle ta'en ;
 Its slender garrison dispersed and fled ;
 Victorious ALNO seeks the coast again ;
 His bands with plunder charged—their weapons red.
 But why those altered looks ?—what cause of pain
 Now rends anew their leader's fearless breast ?
 That many in that midnight strife had bled
 Full well his wounded followers may attest ;

But not for *him* to mourn those guilty bands!—
 One sign commands the pilot homeward steer,
 And while amid his wrangling troops he stands,
 These hurried words reach NALDI's faithful ear,
 "To—*her* attend—to *her* give all your care—
 "Observe the plundering crew—take heed—beware"—

VI.

And who and what was NALDI?—he had sought,
 Whilom with ALNO, CUMA's rebel shore.
 And who was ALNO?—he had rashly fought,
 Had rashly won with them—what heed they more?
 Unknown he had arrived upon their coast
 And sought a place among their willing host.
 In peril, he had ever foremost shone,
 And many a douthful field by him was won;
 Nor life seemed he to prize; but only strove
 In every way to win his comrades' love:
 That love and confidence ere long they gave—
 His only title that he was most brave.
 Their leader now—his energy encreased—
 By victory still his ardour unappeased—
 From fight to fight with eager zeal he sped,
 And far and wide his murderous legions led.

Though ever hastening to the endless broil,
Nought heeded he of booty, nought of spoil :
Nor when the frequent fight at length was gained,
Reposed his soul : each minor end attained
Seemed but one step along the path he trod
To some great object of revenge and blood.
And oft, when mingling in the murderous fray,
With sudden loathing would he turn away,
Arrest his sword and gaze, with idle pain,
On those that ruthless sword e'en now had slain :
Then starting from his reverie, a sigh—
A stifled groan would 'scape his breast :—but high
The steel again soon glistened in his hand—
A lurid beacon to his murderous band.

VII.

When victory closed, at length, each deadly broil,
How strange his varying mien—so skilled to foil
Whate'er suspicion might perchance arise !
A blustering villain now, his talk defies
His boldest—wildest outlaw to disclose
A mind so fierce and dark as that he shows :
Anon he smiles—all courteous kind and bland ;
Then seems with haughty pride to shun his band,—

To spurn the sentiments his wary breast,
With forced deceit, had even now exprest ;
And fly the boisterous laugh and coarser words
He late encouraged in those fearful borders :
Then for whole days retired, he lives alone,
Nor chief nor prying follower will own :
At times, in thought absorbed, his footsteps glide
Around the rippling eddies of the tide,
And trace its circlets o'er the moistened sand :
Then on some headland musing will he stand,
Or 'neath a spreading tree unconscious lie,
And count the leaves that screen him from the sky :
And then again he mingles with his host —
His every sign of grief in forced laughter lost.

VIII.

Thus has he lived for months. Too plain his heart
With those around can take no fitting part ;
And e'en his wondering followers often prate
His whispered title to a higher state.
Oh, yes ! the gentle-born in vain would hide
His claim, and for a while forego his pride !
The serf may rise, his lowly birth despite,
Fame may surround him with a halo bright—

More bright than his whose far-descended race
 Has left on history wild a bloody trace
 That darkly glimmers through successive ages,
 For ever staining nature's fairest pages :
 But yet, though steady reason—virtue—frown,
 Who can that nameless influence disown—
 That spell that bids both sense and virtue bend,
 And their own lustre to the usurper lend ?
 Though dark and fierce may be the ancestral story
 That tells the feudal chieftain's fancied glory ;
 Some secret, powerful spell for ever hovers
 Around each word and gesture, and discovers
 That haughty claim he never can forego—
 His noble blood's unstained—patrician flow.

IX.

“ To shore ! and form your ranks without delay !
 “ To shore—ere ROGER gain the inner wall !
 “ One grand o'erwhelming rush !—or this the day
 “ When CUMA's dreaded rock, at length, will fall !
 “ NALDI, remain :—to watch o'er *her* remain—
 “ In safety, moored beside this hated strand.
 “ In vain I would my angry words contain....
 “ Her bloody—murderous captor here to stand !....

" Thus to be seen—thus known by her again !
" Unable one kind word of hope to say,
" Lest to my wary followers it betray
" What none . . . Enough ! remain—I may not stay."

In gloomy haste he leaps upon the coast ;
Again his sword gleams 'mid his rebel host.

X.

That night King ROGER had assailed the town,
With force more numerous far than e'er was known
His royal summons freely to attend ;
Each Baron hastened now with joy to lend,
'Gainst CUMA's dreaded host, his willing aid,
And every private feud and war was staid.
With such array, though far from all prepared,
LORENZO long the unequal fight had dared.
Ere dawn of day the hostile troops had met,
And fierce and bold the contest lasted yet.
But vain LORENZO's skill :—his slender bands
No longer heed their sturdy chief's commands.
By dauntless—vengeful—enemies girt round—
With comrades dead, bestrewed the battle-ground—
Their hearts begin to fail :—they faintly yield,
Withdrawing slowly from the conquered field.

And oft they think on youthful ALNO—gone—
 Himself a powerful host—nor gone alone ;
 But with the stoutest of his favoured troops,
 Absent.....’Tis vain ! their lingering courage droops,
 Each faltering brigand now prepares to gain
 The fort that proudly towers above the plain.

XI.

Hark ! hark !—the well-known trumpet’s brazen sound—
 The watch-tower trumpet gladly speaks on high ;
 From hill to echoing hill its loud notes bound
 And lightly wanton in the cloudless sky.
 All know the sudden signal, and the tide
 Of war is checked awhile on either side.
 “ ’Tis ALNO ! ALNO lands upon the coast ! ”
 Exclaims, at length, a voice from CUMA’s host ;
 With glad delight, all mark the joyous sound
 And vengeful turn more fierce than e’er around.
 Soon ALNO rushes forwards with his friends—
 Soon ROGER’s startled army backward bends—
 Resists—is broken—falters—turns and flies—
 Leaving the plain—a bloody—reeking prize.

Ere half of that eventful day was o’er,
 No foe remained in sight on CUMA’s shore.

Canto the Fourth.

I.

AWAY ! can fairest scenes delight,
And skies, though ever pure and bright,
Appease alone the craving heart,
And endless bliss alone impart ?
When all around is bright and clear,
 When rapture thrills the admiring breast,
Then be one heart responsive near
 To mark thy every feeling blest !
Then be one kindred bosom nigh
To beat in holy sympathy !

Go—visit NAPLES' beauteous shores
Where nature spreads her richest stores ;

But does not thy lone heart declare
That coast would seem far—far more fair
If one—whom thou could'st name—were there—
One heart to feel thy every bliss,
And blend with thine in happiness—
To echo every joy, and throw
A brighter charm on all below,
As April clouds resplendent glow
When fondly beams the inconstant sun
And smiles their darksome shades upon?
Were that dear being near to thee,
How wouldst thou bless that fairy sea!
How gladly rove from hill to hill
Whose varying scenes would charm her still!
How gladly stray from place to place,
And, in her smiles, how fondly trace
Reflected all the gorgeous dyes,
The calm, pure radiance of those skies!
How gladly rove beneath the shade
Of rocky, olive-studded glade!
How gladly quaff, at evening hours,
The balmy breath of orange-flowers
That sighs along the evening gale!
How gladly watch the fisher's sail
Skudding o'er the tranquil sea
As light as thy fond heart would flee,

With that dear object by thy side,
O'er life's enchanted, blissful tide !

Go—seek POZZUOLI's silent shore ;
Admire the ruined fanes of yore ;
AVERNUS' solitary wave—
Its terrors thou wilt boldly brave,
For she will smile on thee and save !
Go—seek MISENO's lofty mount ;
The ELYSIAN fields—once more the fount
Of bliss ;—for thou wilt bear with thee
Thy source of all felicity !
From every ruined, mouldering fane,
Gaze down on yonder fertile plain ;
Go—pass beneath the slender vine
That o'er thy path is taught to entwine
The branches of the wooing tree—
Thus—thus will cling *thy* vine to thee !
Go—seek the lofty rock that towers
Amid those verdant, loving bowers ;
The ruins all around it thrown ;
The caverns where the sea winds moan ;
The marbles that unheeded lie ;
The wall-flowers, born to bloom and die,
Untaught by all they overshadow
That *their* bright hues must also fade—

Mourn o'er all this—then fondly gaze
 On her who, light, besides thee strays :—
 As, o'er the crumbling walls beneath,
 Those creeping flowrets brightly play,
 Oh, thus—e'en thus her love will wreath
 Of happy smiles a chaplet gay,
 And thou wilt know nor care nor pain
 Though round thee desolation reign !

II.

Here once stood CUMA. This is classic ground.
 This spot illustrates many a poet's song.
 Past ages speak from every rising mound.
 These crumbling stones to history's tomb belong.
 Here DEDALUS alighted from the air
 To mourn that life his skill preserved in vain,
 For ICARUS....what 'vailed his idle care?
 Nought can restore his ICARUS again !
 These marbles—whitened by the noon-tide rays—
 Once heard the prayers that mortals sighed on high;
 These caves, in which the murmuring sea-breeze plays,
 Have erst resounded with prophetic cry :
 Within this rock, where thoughtlessly you stray;
 Was once the dreaded SIBYL's lonely cell ; (4)
 Around these caverns, she was wont to lay
 Those leaves that could of future ages tell.

The moss-grown bricks that form yon tottering wall
Were reared, in later ages, by the band
Which, after mighty ROME and CUMA's fall,
Dared to pollute this consecrated land.
Of them this story tells : to them again
The muse recalls my desultory strain.

III.

'Twas night : and all the earth and sea and sky
Was calm, and slumber dwelt on every eye,
Save those by care or sterner grief opprest—
Stern grief, alas ! that constant, truest guest—
Compelled to exchange for many a secret tear
Those treacherous smiles the world had seen them wear.
How many thus—the seeming glad and gay—
While bright with mimic happiness they play,
As children, thoughtless and most free from ills,
As children, ignorant of heart-felt thrills,
Sigh for the solitude of night, when they
May own the pain their throbbing bosom fills !
And such is ALNO. Mark his altered brow,
His quick, convulsive step, his anxious eye—
Deep cause of grief that warrior's breast must know
Whose armour thus is heaved by many a sigh.

See ;—now he winds along the narrow path,
 That once gave access to the SIBYL's cell—
 For many of those caverns lie beneath
 The sandy rock—to ALNO known full well.
 But note how silently he treads the ground !
 Fears he to break the stillness of the hour ?
 See how he starts ! What is that airy sound
 Repeated by the echo ?—Has it power,
 Young ALNO, to alarm thy warlike breast—
 That breast that gloried amid battle's cries ?
 But cease to fear :—thou has disturbed the rest
 Of some dull bird that through the cavern flies.

Again he onward moves. His limbs appear
 Colossal—frowning on the naked stone ;
 For NALDI with a lantern follows near,
 And bends its tutored light on him alone.
 He ope's a secret door. “ Here, NALDI, stay,
 “ Give—give the light—my heart ! my heart ! Away !”

IV.

He stood within a narrow vaulted hall,
 Scarce lighted by the wavering flame he bore ;
 Rich tapestry concealed its rocky wall,
 And broken marbles—piled in days of yore.

But not on these was ALNO's notice bent.

Beneath a silken canopy there lay

A sleeping maid, o'er whom the lantern sent

A soft and, as it were, a pitying ray.

Above her dress, her long dishevelled hair

Falls in a loose disorder from her brow

Whose once proud mien now sinks with anguish low.

Her jetty curls beam forth in contrast fair

With that o'er which they twine their wavy flow,

And languid hang as though themselves could share

The grief that overwhelms her spirit now.

She seems almost a spirit of the air,

So light around her those dark tresses lie—

A soul that pined in heaven from inward care—

Unable to enjoy the glory there—

Just banished in this world to weep and die ;

As tender plants that ever droop their heads,

When all our care has been bestowed in vain,

Are torn, at length, from out their flowery beds,

And cast to wither on the desert plain.

V.

And ALNO stood and watched her broken rest :

Oh ! 'tis a sight most painful to the heart

Thus to observe the agitated breast

Of her we love, 'mid slumbering terrors start—

To trace the cruel—harsh—too faithful dreams
 That rend her soul, o'ercome by partial sleep—
 To mark the inward agony that gleams
 Across her features ; and the groans that sweep
 Half-stifled from her ; while the quivering lids
 Assert the pain that flashes in those eyes
 They scarcely close ; when e'en our love forbids
 Us note the half-formed syllable that dies
 On her unwary lips !—Such was the state
 Of her with whom seemed linked brave ALNO's fate.

VI.

She woke. How paint the ill-concealed delight
 That hailed his welcome, unexpected sight ;
 The sudden start—soon checked ; the trembling fear ;
 The vainly-haughty glance—the glistening tear !
 That treacherous tear that spoke of joy and pain—
 Of vanquished pride—of long-felt, anxious care—
 Of love her heart would now conceal in vain—
 Awed by the hovering doubt that bred despair—
 How came—what did the noble chieftain there ?

VII.

How anxiously the trembling youth beheld
 Each blended feeling that her bosom swelled !

How died his gaze beneath her haughty frown—
 The enquiring glance, so quickly, wildly darted—
 What soothing bliss those silent tears imparted—
 Fond proofs of love—of love she dared not own !
 He stood awhile constrained 'twixt hope and fear ;
 Uncertain as the angry tempests drear,
 That often cloud the infant, dawning spring,
 And, o'er the wakening landscape, shadows fling ;
 While faintly glows the sun's all-cheering light—
 Soon shrouded from the anxious peasant's sight,
 Soon veiled by mists that evermore delay
 To yield their hated power and pass away.

VIII.

But soon he spoke : " LUCIA—dearest—rise

" Nay, question not—doubt not—oh ! trust to me :

" Far—far from hence we both may hope to flee,

" While saving darkness yet o'ershades the skies."

" What sayest thou ? at this hour ? fly hence with thee ?

" Trust one who governs amidst outlawed bands ?

" Trust one who armed—thus armed !—before me stands ?

" Who dared by murderous force to drag me here

" Away from every tie and solace dear,

" And to a bloody corsair could betray

" Her whom he once . . . No ! here—e'en here I'll stay,
" Still—still—too proud to fly with *thee* away !"

" LUCIA speak—LUCIA speak not so—
" Yet art thou right—too right ! But didst thou know
" How dear the prize for which my soul was driven
" To this degraded state But oh ! if e'er,
" In happier—holier hours, to thee I've given
" Proofs of that faith—that love—which brought me here,
" LUCIA, tarry not !—oh, let me save
" Thee hence !—no other prayer I dare to raise
" Before an unblest—humble—unknown grave
" Shall close my once-proud dreams of happier days !"

" RODOLPH ! I come. Though all around be night,
" That voice assures me all may yet shine bright."

Canto the Fifth.

I.

THE night is dark—a massive cloud
Hangs o'er the heavens : as when a shroud
Conceals the dear, the fading form
That lately shone so bright and warm.
A heavy, dismal cloud hangs o'er the sky,
Nor leaves one opening to the searching eye ;
Save where it shows a paler cast,
Where summer-lightning, glittering fast
Behind the steady, folding masses,
A moment burns—then onward passes.
All the rest is black as Care :
Nor stirs there e'en a breath of air ;
No sighing breezes wanton free,
No zephyrs fan the languid sea

Whose surface, as it heaving lies,
Reflects the gloom that shades the skies.

The sea and shore are still and dark—
Why sails so fast that slender bark ?
Why skims it o'er the unruffled wave
Light as though spirits from the grave,
Bent on some dread mystery,
Hurried o'er a spell-bound sea
Unburdened of mortality ?

Still on—still on, it glides away—
Its circling oars like pinions play
Of sea-birds tracing mazy rounds,
And lightly move the glittering spray.
How sweet the startled water sounds
When parted by the diving oar,
When rushing back—to stir no more !

A small, ruddy lamp glimmers faint at the stern :
By whom was it lighted, for whom does it burn ?
The sea reflects its feeble ray
That stretches faint and mild away
Like softened notes of minstrel's lay.
The lowering clouds, in folds heavy and dark,
Conceal in their shade those who tenant the bark ;

Save when the flame more brightly soars
And casts a flitting, short-lived gleam
On him who quickly moves the oars,
And shows, with fainter, gentler beam,
The lovers flying CUMA's shores.

II.

And long in silence had they both remained,
Each by the other's silence more constrained.
Each dreading by a question to upraise
The curtain that had fallen in later days
Between them ; for each, trembling, feared to know
What, when withdrawn, that long-closed veil might show.
Thus he who seeks his lost, his cherished spouse,
With eager steps draws near the mournful house
Where unknown dead by pious care are placed :⁽⁵⁾
No longer now he runs with wildering haste ;
Reached is the fatal door ;—he stops ; his mind
Already pictures what he fears to find :
With trembling gaze, he looks upon the wall—
And must he find her *there*—or not at all ?
With faltering steps, he hovers round the spot—
If she is *there* . . . oh God !—and if she 's not ?

III.

LUCIA spoke the first : " RODOLPH, the truth
" That bound our kindred souls in early youth....
" The happy confidence that reigned between
" When *one* could not feel unless *both* had been
" Partners in the same sentiment ; when all
" Our joys and tears were blended....must I call
" To mind those years in sweet communion past....
" Oh, RODOLPH ! how is thy bright sun o'ercast !"

IV.

These words were spoken in that gentle tone
To mild and loving natures only known ;
The tone indifference would assume in vain ;
That thrills the bosom like the sweetest strain
Of music stealing o'er the hurried breast
And soothing it to happy, quiet rest.
Oh yes ! there *is* a music in the voice
That bids e'en misery itself rejoice !
Diffusing solace like the purest balm,
And lulling passion in a holy calm,
Directing others by a gentle spell—
An unknown charm their angry pride to quell—
Round every social tie new flowers it wreathes
By the sweet peace and charity it breathes !

V.

As when the weary pilgrim—son of grief—
Who, wandering, seeks at distant shrine relief,
Oft, overcome by inward, soul-felt care,
Turns from his heavy path aside, to where
His eye perceives a grateful, cool retreat
That silent lures by shade and verdure sweet ;
And lays him musing by the streamlet's side
While thoughts unconscious o'er his spirit glide ;
The rural scene delights his hurried mind ;
It fondly roves—to no one thing confined—
And—soothed by solitude so still and fair—
Forgets the heartfelt woes that brought him there ;
'Till pitying, balmy rest his sorrow steeps—
His anxious soul is hushed—he, smiling, sleeps.

In sleep, the calm retreat works on him still—
No more he dreams on every waking ill .
His hostile fate decrees : his visions now
With mild, ethereal gladness gently flow.
His fitful span of life is past : no more
Can grief inflict on him its poisoned store :
A pitying dream beguiles, deludes his sorrow :
Life now is past—forgot ; a heavenly morrow
Replaces kindly every anxious day
And Fancy's ready charms around him play.

An airy, happy spirit—quite set free
From earthly coil and earthly misery—
No more he seems to own this dreary earth ;
His buoyant soul—renewed to glorious birth,
The sins of former life effaced, forgiven,
Received a blessed inhabitant of heaven—
Through purest regions seems to wander bright
Where'er, unknown, the neighbouring spells invite.

For still the objects that around him dwell
Work on his soul by Fancy's secret spell.
Like him, that soul seems lulled in realms of shade
Or muses fondly in some hallowed glade,
Where trees—like those that wave above him—sigh
And woo the cooling breezes as they fly ;
Where angel quires—the birds above him sing—
From fancied heavenly harps soft music fling ;
Where brooks—like those that close beside him murmur,
Binding captive reason's visions firmer—
Allure the spirit of his idle dream
To float delighted on the rippling stream
In airy sport ;—that quiet, shady dell
Exerting on his soul its gentle spell.

VI.

E'en so, when RODOLPH hears the mellow tone
In which the ingenuous girl fears not to own

How deep the interest her young bosom feels,
 A brighter ray across his spirit steals,
 New hopes from out his darkest bodings grow,
 And fluttering joy dares tremble on his brow :
 In blest uncertainty he fondly speaks
 And wildly thus the thrilling silence breaks :—

“ LUCIA ! am I still, indeed, so blest ?

“ Still canst thou of my wretched fate enquire,

“ Nor darkly brand me in thy guileless breast :

“ As one deserving nought but hate and ire—

“ As one unfit to be that bosom’s guest ?

“ But no—forgive vain hope’s delusive dream !

“ How, after all thou hast of me been told,

“ Expect thy heart can with such kindness team

“ And speak again the soothing tones of old !

“ ’Twas vain ! But in thine eye let me perceive

“ One pitying tear proclaim thou dost not hate—

“ No more I dare to ask—but fly to grieve,

“ In milder sorrow, o’er my hopeless fate.”

VII.

“ What RODOLPH ! Could I—could I, then, believe

“ The Count thy foe ?—he might, perchance, deceive

“ My father—and our mutual hope prevent—

“ Long cherished hope ! and are thy visions rent,

“Gone the bright spell that led our lives away
“And fondly bade us live from day to day?—
“But, never—never be believed by me!
“Yet now, high heaven! explain what now I see!
“A pirate—rebel—leader of these bands—
“By lawless deeds defiled thy once-proud hands”....

“Oh, stop—in pity stop—all is—too true!”
And swift as thought his hurried accents flew;
“In banishment unjust from ISCHIA driven—
“My crime too great to be by *him* forgiven—
“Thy love and faith which he had hoped to obtain
“When I was exiled and compelled to flight—
“My honour questioned—darkened by a stain—
“That honour which was *then*, alas! so bright—
“With purpose sudden—dark—I fled thy sight.
“All ways alike were good: I joined the bands
“On CUMA’s lofty rock—renounced my name—
“Too proud to own such dreaded—guilty fame—
“But not too proud to stoop and arm my hands
“With such base tools, and private vengeance reap.
“I AM REVENGED! On yestern fatal night
“I waked my foe from calm, confiding sleep
“And proudly called him up to deadly fight.
“He fell:—my angry vengeance was complete:—
“I saw him bleeding—bleeding at my feet:

- “ He fell :—offended honour asked no more—
“ His flaming hearth illumed my native shore :
“ He fell :—but now . . . how dim that guilty fame
“ That o’er me sheds its beacon light of flame—
“ A lurid halo, gleaming round my head
“ Like angry fires above the church-yard dead ? (6)
“ The outlawed, wretched bands whom I commanded—
“ The unworthy means by which his life I sought—
“ No ! no ! too deeply is my honour branded,
“ And conscience—conscience shudders at the thought—
“ For e’en revenge may be too dearly bought !
- “ But how describe my grief—my shame—surprise—
“ When fallen was the castle of my foe—
“ To see thee roughly brought before my eyes,
“ A captive prisoner from that house of woe !
“ To free thee I essayed—but all in vain :
“ My angry troops had hopes of greater gain—
“ Of ransom bartered ere they would restore
“ Thy freedom—safety—and thy native shore.
“ But when I heard LORENZO’s treacherous words . . .
“ The daring villain ! . . . Sooner had the swords
“ Of his base followers pierced this swelling breast . . .
“ Enough—enough—thou’rt safe—forget the rest !”

VIII.

Scarce had he ended when, oh startling sight !
A sudden fire burst o'er the veil of night.
From CUMA's neighbouring coast a threatening flame
Of ruddy light across the waters came,
And wildly gleaming o'er the lurid sea,
Shot high and fierce, in varying columns free.
Far o'er the waves it spread its sullen gloom
And told the fugitives what vengeful doom
Had now, at length, surprised the guilty town
From which, while nought suspecting, both had flown.

Fast over CUMA's walls the flames arise ;
From the low ground the murky radiance flies,
Reflected on the black-browed, threatening skies.
Sudden the dark clouds break upon the sight ;
Their lowering forms stand forth in ruddy light ;
While—save the partial tints, and save the track
Of flames that on the sleeping waters lie—
Save these, the rest appears more deadly black,
And earth, heaven, ocean mingle in one die.

IX.

Though driven back by RODOLPH's succouring band,
The troops had rallied at their king's command ;

And now, advancing 'neath the shroud of night,
Aroused the startled town to sudden fight.
A spreading panic strikes each guilty soul—
LORENZO's voice no longer holds controul—
In mad uncertainty they wildly fly,
While rising winds the flames red billows ply.

X.

The town beneath no longer feeds the blaze,
Now—now it spreads their towering forts among ;
No succouring aid its furious course delays—
LORENZO's taken, and his followers throng
In wild dismay the open plain and shore,
While ROGER boasts that "CUMA is no more !"

XI.

Vain, nameless vaunt ! Let that base CUMA fall,
But the true CUMA—but the SIBYL's hall—
But those fair hills that bards of yore have sung—
But DEDALUS alighting on the shore—
But all the fame from barbarous ages wrung—
Shall live when ROGER's kingdom is no more !

Canto the Sixth.

I.

**FROM your dear, native country when long you have roved,
From the friends of your childhood—so tenderly loved—
How sweet to return to the land of your birth
And, in spirit, look back on your home's sprightly hearth!
To retrace all the joys that your boyhood has known,
And the fair dreams that hover on memory's dawn,
And that, o'er those first moments, a pictured veil fling—
Like gay flowers that o'ershadow the source of a spring,
Concealing the spot where its waters arise,
But perfuming the murmuring wave as it flies!**

**Oh ! vainly we turn to the far-distant strand,
Vainly hope to find joy wheresoever we roam ;**

For the sweetest of joys on the foreigner's land,
The lone stranger can know, are his visions of home.
Still remembrance hangs o'er him, unaltered and clear,
Nor will blend its bright hues with the soil where he
strays—

As some plants to the keel of a ship will adhere
Nor relinquish their hold in its wide, ocean-ways,
But still fondly cling as it sails through the main
While the varying waters pass o'er them in vain.

When far from his home, the sweet thought of returning
Will oft in the wanderer's bosom arise
As truly as musk, in the bright censer burning,
Escapes from the earth to the pure wooing skies:
As the glorious spirit that feels it is sent,
From some high native region an exile on earth,
Its sad lowly state will not cease to lament,
And its fall from the bright, happy clime of its birth.

But when the pilgrim sees more near
His long-sought—cherished—natal shore,
When well-known cliffs in sight appear—
How sweet to feel his journeys o'er !

'Tis thus each garden's flowery bed
That passed in gloom the clouded night,
Dries up the dewy tears it shed
And smiles upon the coming light.

'Tis thus the vine, when spring appears
And warms its languid, frozen veins,
Hails its approach with joyful tears—
With tears of joy o'erflows the plains.

II.

And now high ISCHIA's mountain towers in sight
While thoughts of home—sweet thoughts of dear delight—
Joined to the pleasing hope, the tender fear,
That ever blend when those we love are near—
Arise in RODOLPH's and LUCIA's minds
While gently glides their boat before the winds.
The clouds that frowned above throughout the night
Have disappeared, and all again is bright:
Gaily the sun sends forth its wakening blaze
Through the white veil—the mild, transparent haze
That ever rises on that fairy land
When morning comes with mingling colours bland.
But as thin gauze o'er lovely features laid
Enhance the attractions of the blushing maid,
So the white haze that covers NAPLES' shore,
At that sweet hour, bids lofty Fancy's power
Suppose e'en brighter hues, and all-creative soar.

III.

While waves and sky thus blend in one soft hue,
Behind the misty curtain's folds, they view
Mountains and isles that, starting from the sea,
Appear to float in mid-air—light and free—
Unwilling to resign or earth or heaven—
Tasting the charms that to them both are given.

IV.

Now ISCHIA's lofty peak is seen more near ;
Their slender sail now woos the favouring wind ;
More swiftly now across the waves they steer
As leaving grief and danger far behind.
Joy ! joy ! for grief and danger now are o'er !
New hope and pleasure shall delight again,
And RODOLPH proudly on his native shore—
Redeeming ALNO's crimes—forget his pain ;
When true repentance swells the virtuous heart,
Such hope, such confidence it must impart ;
And, breathing solace to the anxious breast,
Of future pardon give assurance blest !
Such hope they feel—such RODOLPH's, NALDI's joy ;
Shall sterner thoughts LUCIA's mind employ ?

'Tis true that pensive sadness veils her brow ;
 At times, perchance, a swelling tear may rise
 And, lingering on its path, unconscious glow—
 Tracing its line of radiance from her eyes—
 Bright beaming with her cheeks' half-fever'd dyes ;
 But kind the mood that wakes the silent tear !
 No harsh resolve gives RODOLPH cause to fear.
 With timid love, he leaves her to her grief,
 Nor sues—nor prays—nor offers vain relief ;
 But—watching every look—retires aside
 And gathers hope from this—she does not chide ;
 But passive sits, as in a gentle trance,
 Nor lifts from off the sea her heavy gaze,
 Nor throws around her one enquiring glance—
 That glance, to him refused, to nothing idly strays.

V.

Far different mood must NALDI's joy declare.
 When near him rise his native mountains fair,
 And while—scarce aided by the weary breeze—
 The boat moves slowly o'er those well-known seas—
 How gaily does he work the pliant oar,
 Timed by the song whose notes unheeded soar
 From his all buoyant heart, and hail his native shore !

The Spirit of the Waters.

1.

HAVE ye sailed o'er the seas
When the sun rode on high,
Nor heard in the breeze
A voice whispering nigh ;
As gently it played
In the shivering sails,
And the winds were all staid,
And the boisterous gales ;
When the face of the sky and the ocean was fair,
And the vessel was lulled in repose ?—I was there !

2.

Have ye dashed through the wave
In the hurricane's gloom
When a watery grave
Seemed your merciless doom ;
When the storm swept the deck,
When it splintered the mast,
When the fast-sinking wreck
Was the sport of the blast ;
When the lowering clouds bid the boldest despair,
And the billows they grasped at their prey ?—I was there.

3.

Have you wandered at night
In fair ISCHIA's bowers,
When the zephyrs delight
In the young orange flowers,
And steal o'er the breast
Of the silvery seas
That slumber at rest
Undisturbed by the breeze—
When the bright moon-beams dart, all unchecked, through
the air
By fog or by vapour ?—oh ! am I not there ?

4.

A Spirit unseen,
On the ocean I rove ;
Or where streamlets are green
With the shadowing grove :
I sail o'er the deep
On the gale's spreading wings—
They are furled—and I sleep,
And the merry tar sings.
When his vessel the waters are proudest to bear,
When scorn they to serve him—still, still I am there !

VI.

So NALDI sang : nor deem the humbler blood
That swells his veins, and dooms him to obey,
All cold and frigid 'mid the joyous flood
Of hope awakened on that blissful day.
Ah no ! such feelings soothe the lowly breast
As well as his that under ermine lies ;
With dear affections, is the peasant blest,
And clings more strongly to their sacred ties.
To obey his lord, had NALDI left his cot
And fought with robbers whom his soul despised ;
But that dear cottage is not now forgot—
Its guiltless quiet is more truly prized.
And see how fondly do his dark eyes turn
To that white mansion, rising 'mid the vines,
Upon whose wall some fitting sunbeams burn,
While others linger where the grape entwines
Those trees 'mongst which the ruddy orange shines :
More dear to NALDI are those cottage walls
Than all the wealth that hangs in RODOLPH's halls.

VII.

Beneath the olive-groves, there stands a crowd
Of humble serfs around their Baron proud ;

But now, his pride of birth is laid aside—
With parent's eyes he seeks the glittering tide,
And each poor serf, released from harsh controul,
Seems now to own with him a kindred soul.
Still o'er the glowing waves, all eyes are cast,
And stifled whispers through the circle past :—
“ 'Tis she—'tis she—no—no—we hope in vain—
“ The town destroy'd—she ne'er can come again.—
“ That raging fire—marked ye how fierce it gleamed ?—
“ If *she* was there ! ” and every bosom seemed
To shudder at the thought it feared to express,
And shrink in terror from each cruel guess.

VIII.

How, though his aged sight is dim and dark,
That Baron's eye is bent upon yon bark—
A growing speck upon the gilded wave !
What torturing anguish the sad bodings gave
By every peasant softly whispered near !
Oh, what a doubt for parent's heart to bear !
Where—where is now the once-clear sight of youth ?
One single glance—one glance to know the truth !
For one short instant clear his trembling sight,
Then close it up for ever on the light !

How eagerly he hangs on every strain
In broken accents uttered—but in vain !
Nothing is seen to re-assure his fear
Or check the hope that wakes that silent tear
Which certain loss had never caused to flow.

Near and more near the skiff approaches now.
“ ’Tis she—’tis she ! ” bursts forth from all around—
The happy parent sinks upon the ground.

IX.

And now LUCIA hangs upon his breast
While joy lights up the features of the rest.
Oh, blessed scenes ! when thus the low and great,
In pain or pleasure, banish all controul,
Receive their bliss or grief from one same fate,
And own an equal—human—kindred soul !

X.

Such were the wars that rent ITALIA’S shore
In barbarous times of feudal, despot power :
Long ages since have passed ITALIA o’er—
Still dures the saddening darkness of that hour,
Still slavery’s gloomy clouds unchanging lower.

Dear, classic land ! will freedom's blessed light
No more stream down on every mouldering tower,
No more with real happiness delight
Those hills whose lingering smile veils not the latent
 blight ?

XI.

Bright Sun of NAPLES ! But my dream is past,
 Thy light is gone—recalled thy borrowed ray ;
That ray that could, for some short moments, cast
 A cheering light across my weary way,
 And over clouded thoughts with kindness play.
From bleak BOHEMIA's hills, I've loved to bring
 Fond memory back to each now distant day ;
For still unto the past our minds *will* cling
And court those vain regrets that soothe us while they sting.

XII.

And ye who have perused this humble strain,
 Judge not too harshly of the minstrel's song :
The Muse he prayed was MEMORY. Again
 He wished to dwell on what he loved so long,
And tread in thought his cherished haunts among.

If nature's works ye study, ye will deem

He shewed what scenes to NAPLES' shore belong,
And fixed true images of one loved dream—

Though chilled, perhaps,—as ice will clothe a glittering
stream.

THE
WARRIOR-BARD OF ERIN.

A

Poetical Rhapsody.

“ Erin ! oh Erin ! thy winter is past,
“ And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last !”

MOORE.

INTRODUCTION.

LET me remind the critic that I designate this Poem a RHAPSODY.

The idea of the character of my principal actor was taken from the following MELODY :

“ Oh ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
“ Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame ;
“ He was born for much more ; and in happier hours
“ His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
“ The string, that now languishes loose o’er the lyre,
“ Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior’s dart,
“ And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
“ Might have poured the full tide of a patriot’s heart.

" But alas ! for his country—her pride is gone by,
 " And that spirit is broken which never would bend ;
 " O'er the ruin, her children in secret must sigh,
 " For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend ;
 " Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray ;
 " Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires ;
 " And the torch that would light them through dignity's way
 " Must be caught from the pile where their country expires !

 " Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
 " He should try to forget what he never can heal :
 " Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 " Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel !
 " That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
 " Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
 " While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 " Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword."

I omit the other verse of MOORE's beautiful
 and patriotic effusion ;—sensible that I have al-
 ready quoted enough to shame that to which I
 had desired it should be an introduction and a
 recommendation.

It would be vain to affix the following tale to
 any particular æra of Irish history. After draw-

ing parallels of the reigns of HENRY IV., ELIZABETH, and GEORGE III., Captain ROCK, in his Memoirs, exultingly exclaims, “ thus *semper* “ *eadem* (and according to the Irish translation of “ it ‘ worse and worse ’) is destined to be the “ motto of Ireland to the end of time.”

This story is, then, founded upon one of those rebellions which have so often taken place in Ireland—apparently successful in the beginning, though afterwards crushed by the regular and overwhelming force of England. Though the time of the action be undefined, yet it may evidently be affixed to the earlier epochs of English conquest.

Let me, however, renounce for the following pages all political feeling. I am not an Irishman : and the misfortunes of Ireland are, to me, matter of history only. Thus the contests of America, of Modern Greece, or of San Domingo, may become the theme of poetry to foreign writers : MILTON gives to his Satan and BYRON to his Cain the sentiments that are appropriate to each ; and though I trust that the language I

employ would not be misplaced in the mouth of an Irish patriot, yet it can no longer be charged with the political—national—feeling which, in his case, might justly have prompted it. But the great source of misery in Ireland now no longer exists; religious freedom has been obtained by the exertions of her people; and of my Tale I may now say “’tis sixty years since,” or, in the words of my motto—

“Erin ! oh Erin ! thy winter is past,

“And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last !”

BATH, July 2, 1829.

THE
WARRIOR-BARD OF ERIN.

PART THE FIRST.

The Valley.

COME, thou Spirit of the Air,
Formed of sunbeams and of clouds,
Whose changing, fleeting nature shrouds,
From vulgar eyes, thy being fair—
Brightest FANCY ! fickle maid !
Thou whose airy form has played,
In countless visions, o'er my mind,
Steeped my soul in soothing dream,
Or—enraptured and refined—
Fired it with a heavenly beam ;

Thou whose image fondly hovered,
Brightening Reason's anxious dawn,
While the wakening soul discovered
Sympathies as yet unknown ;—
Magic FANCY ! hear, oh hear me—
Come and sweetly hover near me !

Thou whose form so often seen—
As a star on darkest night
Peeping out the clouds between,
And quickly veiled from gazer's sight—
Flitting thus, thy fairy figure
Floats before, a vision bright,
Lures with all that most endears
Ere the young enthusiastic nears,
Sudden then it disappears—
Vanishing with modest vigour
Ere his loving grasp can hold it
And upon his bosom fold it.
Magic FANCY ! hear, oh hear me—
Come and sweetly hover near me !

Who but thou our care assuages,
Soothing pangs of sorrow past,
Brightly blessing future ages
Over which thy hues are cast !

Who but thee can charm the soul,
Free it all from earth's controul,
Waft it gently far away
And its every wish allay,
Lead it on to happy regions—
Peopled all by airy legions—
Spirits pure and bright as thou—
Smiling....e'en as thou dost now ?
Let me feel this magic power—

Though its visions be unreal,
Dearer far the fairy dower
Fond enthusiast dreams reveal,
Richer far than worldly treasures
Void of thy enhancing pleasures !
Let thy spell my soul command ;
Let it feel thy guiding hand ;
And with quick devotion stray
Wheresoe'er thou lead'st the way ;
Nor, with Reason cold, require
Sanctions for thy wandering fire !
Magic FANCY ! hear, oh hear me—
Come and sweetly hover near me !

Beauteous FANCY ! fickle maid !
On my heart thy spell is laid !

Though unseen by mortal eye,
Now I feel thy presence nigh !
Through the air thy spirit breathes,
Twining round me fairy wreaths ;
Scattering fragrance from thy tresses
Which the wooing sense oppresses—
From thy waving tresses bright,
Hid from all but favoured sight !
Now above me—hark ! I hear
Airy music soft and clear—
Music waked by fairy fingers
On whose touch my spirit lingers
Till thy influence, o'er it stealing,
Wakes a train of gentle feeling,
Now exalting, now depressing,
Ever soothing, ever blessing :
Sweet is every melody,
Sweeter far when fired by thee !
Magic FANCY ! hear, oh hear me—
Hover thus for ever near me ! (1)

II.

A maiden lies sleeping
In ERIN's green bowers,
While, o'er her, is sweeping
The fragrance that flowers

And wild heaths have lavished
In vain to delay
The young breeze that ravished
Their freshness away ;
For, wantonly stooping,
Their incense it drank,
Then left them all drooping
To fade on the bank.
But now, softly playing,
It sighs o'er the maid,
Still fondly delaying
To leave the cool shade.
The runnels and fountains
Are murmuring near,
All fresh from the mountains,
All sparkling and clear.
No discord or riot
Breaks on the lone dell
Where silence and quiet
Have long loved to dwell ;
E'en the leaf that is shaken
On high seems afraid
Lest its rustling awaken
The slumbering maid.

III.

As calm as the place
Where embowered she lies,
Is her bright, youthful face ;
Every feature defies
The approaches of sorrow or passion or care
For a moment its light, happy mould to impair ;
Calm, gentle, and still is her placid repose
As the deep stream that e'er in a smooth channel flows.
But smooth though the tides of the river may pass,
Yet with heaven's bright colours they gleam ;
So, at times, o'er the maiden who sleeps on the grass,
The warm spirit reflected will beam :
A slight shadow of care or a quick flash of pride,
As—faint and suppressed—o'er her features they glide,
Will betray on the surface the hue of the mind—
Then pass and leave nothing but quiet behind.

IV.

The silent charm is broken now :—
Hark !—what thrilling accents flow
Along the green retired vale
Wafted by the balmy gale ?

Hark !—they rise—now softly die
On the breezes lovingly,
That nearer now and still more near—
Sweet, wooing guides !—delighted bear
Every note distinct and clear.
Who treads in this sequestered ground ?
Who sighs these plaintive words around ?
The minstrel well could *she* declare,
Who lately lay entranced there :
But, quickly starting, rises now
And fondly turns her whence these accents flow :—

Song.

What linger on ?—No ! fare thee well,
Sweet valley I so long have loved ;
Farewell, thou dear retired dell
Where long my duteous footsteps roved ;
Farewell, enchanted, peaceful bowers,
And well-known haunts of pensive hours !

I go. But see—no leaf will fade
Though I obey the proud decree ;
No flower will show a paler shade
Although its hues no more I see ;

All nature wears its brightest die
And smiles to hear my farewell sigh.

Will nothing fade when I am gone,
And do I turn unwept away ?
Ah no ! though flowers may blossom on
And dress their leaves in colours gay—
Not all unmourned from hence I go—
One tear, at least one tear will flow !

Then arm thee to the glad decree,
Recall thy pride, my drooping heart !
She bids thee perish or be free—
And would'st thou act a fainter part,
Nor rush to tread the glorious path
Of ERIN's long, long stifled wrath ?

Not so ! though long the fire has slept—
So long they deemed my bosom cold—
How oft, in secret, have I wept
This hour of vengeance to behold,
When, lingering on in soft repose,
I dared to think on ERIN's woes ?

And thou whose order bids me seek
 The field where death and honour strive,
 Forgive this strain—my heart is weak
 'Gainst thee :—but this it will retrieve !
 Armed every feeling soon shall be
 'Gainst all save ERIN, honour, thee !

V.

“ Aye go, my CORMAC, ⁽²⁾ go !” the maiden cried,
 Now darting forth, arrayed in love and pride ;
 “ Go—go—nor heed this one, sole, treacherous tear—
 “ Far more I’d weep to see thee loiter here—
 “ To see thee tarry when our country bleeds,
 “ When—starting up at length—the long-sown seeds
 “ Of vengeance blossom in the noonday light
 “ And boldly challenge the usurper’s might !
 “ Go—go—assert thy own, our country’s cause—
 “ Go free the land from the oppressor’s laws—
 “ And then returning, will thy promised bride
 “ Own her proud station at a patriot’s side !
 “ ‘Till then, adieu !—till then, forget her love !
 “ In ranks of war, weak woman may not move ;
 “ But, if that war her country cannot save,
 “ She’ll scorn to be the mother of a slave—
 “ Her country still can grant a virgin grave !”

“ Dear, noble-minded girl !” the youth exclaimed,
“ Yes—like thine own, my bosom is enflamed !
“ Thy patriot ardour my weak spirit shares,
“ What thou hast planned to execute it dares :
“ Resigned, from thee and from thy love I part
“ Till I can offer thee a freeman’s heart !”

PART THE SECOND.

The Camp.

Song.

How often before his wild spirit arose—
In those visions that lull the fond heart in repose—
That image of beauty, so gentle and fair,
So formed to console or each sorrow to share !
No—no—it appeared far too artless and kind !
And never he hoped in this rough world to find
A form like to that which his visions of love
Had called down to bless him from regions above.

Long—long the bright vision delighted his heart,
And vainly they strove the rash hope to impart ;

He adored it as one sent in mercy to charm
His fond bosom and keep it from blight and from harm :
But never, oh never their words he believed
That a being like her whom his soul had conceived
'Mid the fairest creations of earth could be found—
And his gaze fell unmindful and heedless around.

Yet it came, the bright image his visions had shown,
As gentle as her those bright visions had known ;
And quickly its influence flashed o'er his soul,
And quickly he owned its beloved controul.
So a strain of sweet music unmarked may arise
While the dull, dreaming spirit its sweetness defies,
Till it breathes some dear note heard in moments more
blest
That vibrates, with thrilling delight, through the breast.

II.

So CORMAC sang, disconsolate and sad,
Sighing in liquid notes his sorrowing soul.
From earliest infancy, soft music had
O'er every feeling held a sweet controul,
And every grief been able to console.
Ere passion waked his breast, he oft had lain,
Long musing, 'neath his native forest shade
And poured his spirit out in many a strain
Of visionary verse ; and as it strayed,

At random wild, through Fancy's rich domain—
Creating joys and woes unreal and vain—
He little dreamed in his own heart to find
How true the fleeting dreams that fed his wayward mind.

III.

Long, long he felt the whispered, inward call
That, by soft measures, would his soul enthrall.
How often eagerly he waked a strain,—
Then, deeply blushing, broke it off again,
Feared to profane the art he most admired
And checked the impulse wild his soul inspired !
How oft he revelled in the golden mines
Of those whose skill he envied—bards whose lines
Breathed sentiments congenial with his own
As nature's tints by art on canvass shown ;
And ever wept that he was still restrained
From yielding to those feelings that had chained
And linked his soul in earliest infancy
With every fairy dream that waits on melody !

IV.

In solitude or in distress of mind,
Poetic visions hovered o'er him still :
In minstrelsy, he deemed that he could find
Relief and solace to each fancied ill ;

To breathe his soul in wild untutored lays,
To wake with thrilling spell, the ready tear,
To waste in dreams unreal all his days,
Were bliss than which the world had none more dear.

He grieved, and felt a soothing bliss in grief:
Yet wanted one in whom he might repose—
One who would not have proffered vain relief
But *feel* the thoughts his bosom would disclose ;
With minstrelsy, such converse could he hold,
In minstrelsy, have found the charm he sought,
In minstrelsy, his sentiments unfold
And all the high aspirings nature taught.
For little heeded he of worldly praise,
He little heeded what the world might say—
'Twas to his own soul that he wished to raise
A solitary, but a heartfelt, lay.

Deep admiration of the minstrel art ;
A soul that echoed all it has expressed ;
An inward fire that he would fain impart ;
A glow of sentiment—strong—unrepressed ;
The enthusiasm that heaven's creations breathe ;
The charm of solitude that few can know—
These—these had prompted him in song to wreathe
The dear—dear feelings he could not forego.

V.

How oft Imagination's sprightly wings
Have borne him far from human cares and things—
Transporting him to Greece's sacred mount
To mark the course of the Castalian fount—⁽³⁾
That fount that erst inspired the poet's theme
With spell that not untrue he loved to deem !
Here—wandering humbly through the lowly dale—
His spirit fears to soar above the vale ;
Scarce dares he upwards cast his timid eyes
To seek the mountain's summit in the skies—
He deems his soul unworthy yet to pry
Into the fastnesses of minstrelsy.

The balmy air breathes round him, and the sky
Extends above its purest azure dome ;
Far o'er the distant wave the sea-birds fly,
And, unrestrained, from rock to temple roam.
The olive tree o'er shades the neighbouring hills,
The crystal streams still murmur to the beach—
But now no votary seeks the classic rills,
The olive now no pleasing theme can teach.

The land that once the gods had most caressed—
The land in which they most had loved to dwell—
The land whose sons, with early wisdom blessed,
Had taught the world the arts *they* knew so well—

That land—how like his own, dear, native isle
Where tyrants blasted nature's every smile!—
That land could now no soothing thought excite,
That land was now of vain regrets the throne
Where rude Oppression's hand had learned to smite
And plant its standard over Glory's tomb.

VI.

When early spring o'er wakening nature threw
A cheering smile, with health and new-life fraught,
From out of every pleasing thing he drew
A vein of deep, of melancholy thought.
No trifling object passed unheeded by,
No shrub more sprightly than its fellows grew,
No birds could sing their untaught minstrelsy,
But still he gazed,—still marked each varying hue.
Marked, gathering o'er, the bold, unfettered cloud
When sped the sun its glorious light to shroud—
The murmuring crystal streamlet's drowsy flow,
And shadowy night's all-pure, serener glow,—
Whose pitying smile, bent down on all below,
But tells of bliss the earth can ne'er bestow.
Then turned he to the stars' more timid fire—
Beaming as eyes of guardian angels bright
That fondly hover o'er the livelong night
To guard our souls from demon's gloomy blight!

And when he saw the moon all-soothing shine,
How rose his heart on wings of proud desire—
On wings of heavenly love that ne'er could tire !
The unsatiate hope deceived might oft repine,
But oh ! such visions ever could inspire
A fleeting charm he fain would deem almost divine !

VII.

Alas ! the wayward mind may not delight
In passion's dreams nor feel the encroaching blight ;
Imagination may not idly rove
Through love's domain, nor feel the power of love !
The ardent youth whose wild and buoyant heart
In fancy's fairy regions dares to stray,
Not all unscathed, uninjured will depart,
But soon to passion fall an easy prey.
Not long deferred was CORMAC's threatening hour,
Not long he 'scaped from the avenger's power !
Fair IRA soon Enough ! his ditties now
In tones of deeper, truer cadence flow,
And plainly now his every chord declares
That what he sings his secret bosom shares.

VIII.

He loved. The blushing IRA willing heard
His chaste desire—received his plighted word ;
And holy rites had shortly joined their hands
When angry rumours swept across his lands.
His vassals rise—assert their native right,
And claim their chief to lead them to the fight :
His aid the startled tyrants also claim
A nation's wakened soul once more to tame
And lull its anger's proud, resentful flame.
What ! shall he with his country's foes conspire
To crush his countrymen—to thwart their ire ?
League with the oppressors of his native land,
And 'gainst his country raise a treacherous hand ?
Not so, my IRA ! no—thy patriot heart
From such base counsel bids him backward start,—
Points out the road where truth and honour lead—
Who claims thy love can in no other tread !

IX.

It is night—lovely night ! and the patriot camp
Is silent ; and silent the troops' heavy tramp.
'Mid the darkness that hovers above and around,
Nought is seen—nothing heard but the desolate sound

Of the wary sentry sadly pacing
His circled watch ; still, still retracing
His footsteps among the wild flowrets that wave
Their buds o'er the field that may soon be his grave,
And brushing off the glistening dew
Whose sparkling drops their leaves bestrew.
And oft he casts his drowsy eye
On every gloomy object nigh,
And strives to pierce the darkening shade
That spreads above that broken glade.
And now he stops—his jealous ear
Starts to a sound that rises near ;
Was it a steed's impatient neigh
Or some faithful housedog's stifled bay—
Some dog that has followed its master from far,
And now follows him still amid strangers and war ?

X.

The spreading watchfires slumber now
Or cast at times a fitful glow.
The early night is past : the host
Is hushed in sleep : the braggart's boast—
The coward's fear—the reveller's mirth—
The mind too pure and high for earth—

Have bowed to sleep's resistless thrall—
The only power that levels all !

'Mid the light broken clouds that fleet over the sky,
Some stray moon-beams escape—gliding down timidly—
And partially fall on the slumbering troops
Or brighten the edge of some iron that droops
 From a senseless dreamer's nerveless hold,
 Or die on the rust of some weapon old,
Culled from its scabbard to strike for the land
It had vainly upheld in a forefather's hand.
And see the pale ray that gleams over yon brow
That, ere morn, with a deadlier whiteness may glow,
That, ere morn, on the turf may as peacefully lie,
But reflect back the light from its stiffening eye.

But slowly a cloud the bright orb steals before—
All is darkness around us—we see nothing more.

XI.

And CORMAC leaves his lonely tent
 To breathe the silent, midnight air ;
And from the camp, his steps are bent—
 Passing amid the tents—to where,

Upon the outlines of the troop,
A turf-clad hill with gentle slope
Arose. And here he stands awhile
In pensive mood—yet free from thought ;
Vain images his mind beguile ;
To much it turns but dwells on nought.
And idle visions lure his brain,
And dreams replete with joy and pain.
From thought to thought—to none confined—
Wanders his desultory mind :
Happy Memory leading back
Over the past's oft-beaten track,
And fickle Fancy fondly showing
The future in wild colours glowing.
Though heaves his breast, its sighs are calm ;
For hope still sheds its soothing balm
O'er all ; and, in the distance, shows—
The contest gained with ERIN's foes—
His IRA blissful and his own,
His every sorrow vanished—gone :
So flow'rets bend above a stream,
And, in the wave, their colours gleam ;
Light breezes waft them here and there,
They yield to every rocking breath,
But still their hues, reflected fair,
Smile in the crystal tide beneath.

XII.

Now heavy sleep hangs over all :
But no !—beside yon crumbling wall
That stretches o'er the broken plain,
Saw ye nought moving ?—there—again !—
Those darkened plumes that wave and droop
It is—it is a hostile troop !
Their hated badge they do not show,
But oh, too well we ken our foe !
Darkly muffled—shrouded all—
They steal beside the mouldering wall ;
Their horses slowly tread the ground
While drowsy sentries slumber round,
And those wild bands—so fierce by day—
Dream of their homes far, far away.

And now they seek the lonely hill
Where CORMAC idly lingers still,
Where still his thoughts bewildered rove
From tents around to skies above,
From ERIN to his lady love.
Oh ! who the traitor leads them on ?
Away—away—the feat is done !
Can one—unarmed and unprepared—
Resist attack so ably dared ?

Away ! in vain his followers rise
With mad despair ;—the lowering skies
Befriend the stealthy band : in vain
His dreamers start to life again
And rush to save their prisoned chief—
Too late their broken, wild relief.
Some of that bold, united throng
 May fall oppressed ; the others speed
 Nor slaughtered friend nor comrade heed,
 But—bound upon a reeking steed—
Still bear the chief his ranks among :
Though some may fall, 'twas him they sought—
Such prize is not too dearly bought ;
For, without him, how vain the hope
Of those disordered bands to cope
With veteran skill in open field—
Of him deprived, the rest must yield.

Away ! Away !—they hasten on—
The unequal race will soon be won :
Away ! Away !—pursuit were vain—
See—see—the wished-for goal they gain :
See—see—beneath yon wood, appear
Their fellows marshalled far and near ;
A joyful shout has rent the skies—
The race is won—secured the prize ! (4)

PART THE THIRD.

The Fairy-Fountain. ⁽⁵⁾

On the canon's bright flash the fond soldier will gaze
'Till slain by the iron that lurks in the blaze.
'Tis thus that, when parting from those we hold dear,
 Unforeseen is the pang of the heart ;
The bliss of the moment absorbs every fear
 Of the future, and hushes the smart
 Which that future alas ! will too-surely impart.
But soon as the last sad adieu has been said,
 Soon as lengthening distance divides ;
When each fond hope of meeting for ever is fled,
 Oh ! then o'er the weak bosom glides
That sickening feeling that says we are left,
 That all we once cherished is gone,
And the heart on a sudden awakens bereft—

Ere the lingering smile of the morning is flown—
Awakens abandoned, forsaken, and lone.

II.

Thus, IRA ! thus thy spirit proudly rose
With the occasion—with thy ERIN's woes ;
Bowed every hope at thy lost country's shrine
Nor felt how great a sacrifice was thine !
Thy country called : by its dear spirit fired—
Thy ever nobler feeling wrapt, inspired—
No lesser purpose could repress thy soul,
Or its now-wakened energies controul.
Wild CORMAC's bosom caught the patriot flame—
Was it for thee its glorious light to tame ?
Ah no ! with equal hope thy heart could glow,
Forget its gentler ties, and bid him go ;
Could chase the swelling tear—repress the sigh—
Could bid him go—to conquer or to die,
And willing, proud, rejoicing, could impart
Its generous flame to his less buoyant heart !

This might not last. The momentary fire,
The enthusiast dream, must, soon or late, expire.
Her gentle spirit might not long retain
The unnatural pride ;—love, love was heard again.

Time wears away : excitement now is gone—
Her heart awakes—and feels itself alone :
Enthusiasm and the tide of war
By CORMAC's daring now is distanced far :
No hostile power or friendly aid is near—
No tidings of the fight and chieftain dear :
Her lonely valley now is calm and still
As the pure rippling of its crystal rill :
No terror now disturbs the green retreat,
Its echoes now no warlike sounds repeat :
The tranquil groves are verdant now once more,
Bedecked with flowers as fragrant as of yore ;
And IRA sees the face of nature blest
And feels the weary misery of REST.

Oh ! solitude has little charm for one
Who loved it erst—but loved it not alone !
It may delight the panting heart that flies
From the cold world to Nature's sympathies,
And, in its gentle quiet, hopes to find
A soothing balm for the distracted mind :
But he who once has known that solitude
In happier days, will seek the spell in vain
It wore when first his gladsome footsteps trod
Its wilds ;—the past, the past returns again ;

And all deserted feels the yearning heart
'Mid those dear scenes that once could every bliss impart.

III.

In that sweet vale, a minstrel dwelt
Who kindly for her sorrows felt ;
And sighed to see her fade away,
Her light and cheerful mould decay.
And often had the aged man
Essayed to charm her growing pain,
And gently lure her sorrowing soul
And free it all from love's controul.
His eye was mild and tranquil now,
Serene and calm his lofty brow,
But he had owned, in earlier life,
A soul that bled in passion's strife.
It was no vain logician's art,
But sorrow—sorrow—tamed his heart :
Not *his* the cold, unpitying ire
Of those who rail at passion's sway,
But never felt the sacred fire
Their vapid precepts would allay ;
No ! *he* had felt the holy flame,
And loved the grief he sought to tame !

Deceived by hope's alluring power,
 'Twas kindness bade him strive to quell
The light that shone for him no more,
 The light he once had loved so well.
And oft his native harp he seized
 To sing the precept dark and drear—
That precept which alone appeased
 The sorrow *he* had learned to bear—
 The cruel doctrine of despair :
And, wandering through the peaceful glade,
Oft to the weeping *IRA* played,
And kindly strove to chase away
The hope that led her soul astray—
That hope whose promise, faint and dim,
Could now no longer beam on him.
And when she blamed his cheerless gloom—
 His dreary—hopeless—view of life,
Thus would he oft his song resume
 And wake anew his youthful grief :—

Song.

Aye, deem, fond maid ! my bodings vain ;
 Still deem that life reserves to thee
That bliss which others strive to attain
 But in the chase die wearily ;

Still deem that fate to thee will show
That favour others never know.

Still, still confide ! Still hope the grief
That pains thee now will pass away,
And soon the future give relief
And every present care allay ;
Still deem the prospect, now so drear,
Ere long, more joyous hues will wear.

But vain ! ere long, the weary feel,
By disappointment frequent bred,
Will o'er thy dreaming bosom steal—
Ere long, will every hope be fled ;
Nor Fancy's lights alluring shine
Alas, *my* heart was once like thine !

He paused and wept : but the breathless maid
Her trembling arm on the old harp laid ;
And, while softly her hand ran its chords among,
Thus, thus she replied to the mourner's song :—

Song.

Oh ! tell me not the heart betrays ;
That Fancy's lights allure in vain ;
That Hope its promised good delays
And idly smiles on care and pain—

As flowers that blush and brightly glow
And every gaudy colour wear,
Though fragrance they can ne'er bestow
Nor charm the dreary, desert air !

No—no ; in hope I still will live,
Still greet with hope the coming day ;
And, though it bring but pain, I'll strive
To think the pain will pass away.
Oh ! let me fondly look before
And sail on Fancy's fairy stream,
And, though I find no saving shore,
Thou'lt not—thou'lt not—dispel my dream.

The Æolian harp, though silent long,
Not ever fondly woos in vain
The breeze that wakes its hidden song
And gives its music back again ;
Thus—thus a brighter day will smile,
Will smile on sorrow's weary hour—
Thus dew-drops veil their hues awhile
But gladden every drooping flower.

IV.

Vain words ! her grief endured ; and still
It was the aged minstrel's care
His dreary precept to instil,
To cancel Love by bleak Despair.
Deceitful doctrine ! Wretched creed !
Oh, rather let the bosom bleed,
For ever bleed with poisoned grief
Than seek in apathy relief !
The mind that mourns is heavenly still—
Still—still—it feels itself divine—
And lofty aspirations thrill
The heart—and holy lightnings shine—
And flashes of celestial fire
A prouder hope will yet inspire—
And still the wretch enjoys the bliss
To feel a soul, at least, is his :
But oh ! if apathy should steal
The mind—if it should cease to feel—
Feel even sorrow—nought can then
Allume the heavenly spark again !
The heart in peace may linger on,
But oh ! the soul, the soul is gone—
Man from his noble station hurled,
A part of the inane, the cold, material world.—⁽⁶⁾

V.

There are colours too brilliant, too gaudy, and bright ;
There are flowers too sweet the weak sense to delight ;
Oh ! cheering and glad is the blaze of the sun,
But the moon has a charm far more soothing and dear ;
We prefer the sweet voice of the streamlets that run,
Half-concealed by wild plants and by woods dark and
drear,
And the soft song that tells where they modestly glide
To the deafening roar of the broad, swelling tide ;
The glow-worm is seen by a lowering sky,
And dear to the bard are dark ages gone by—
The wild, spreading gloom and the shadows that cast
Their mantle of mystery far o'er the past !
Oh, the black, bitter curse of the minstrel descend
On the wretch who would strive that dark mantle to rend !
On the "light of the age" be the bard's holy curse,
That age that would seek his fond dreams to disperse !
Where is now the romance and the dim twilight ray
That was wont o'er his uncontrolled raptures to play ?
Where the visions that used to beam over his heart
And the deep, sainted awe he was wont to impart ?
Where the high, soaring fancy whose powerful spell
Was caught from the clouds the vain "age" would dispel ?

Where the doubtful tradition, so partial and dim,
To others scarce known, a bright beacon to him ?
Where the overwrought fiction that none could deny,
The blest store-house of poesy—UNCERTAINTY ?
It is gone—all is gone ! and his visions of yore,
His fond dreams of the past are believed in no more ;
And vain is the war the lone minstrel would wage
'Gainst his conquering rival “ the light of the age ! ”

VI.

At length, the bard perceived how vain
And powerless his frigid strain ;
Perceived that, though the heart be drear,
Fond hope and trust will linger there
Nor true love ever know despair.
No longer, then, he strove to quell
The passion he might not dispel,
But, casting his wild harp aside,
Thus spoke to CORMAC's anxious bride :—

“ Oh lady ! you have often strayed
“ In yonder deep retired glade
“ And pondered o'er the bubbling stream
“ Whose rising waters faintly gleam

“ Amid the rocks, as hope would light
“ Your path in sorrow’s darkest night :
“ The gloomy cave that fount supplies,
“ ’Tis there its crystal waters rise.
“ And you have heard old legends tell
“ Strange rumours of that lonely well,
“ And know the superstitious fear
“ That overhangs its waters clear.
“ These idle rumours, vague and wild,
“ Have oft your childish hours beguiled ;
“ But now ’tis fit that you should know
“ The source from whence they darkly flow,
“ And how your ancestors have e’er
“ From them derived or hope or fear.
“ Alas ! ’tis now my lot to trace
“ Their influence o’er your noble race—
“ For, but to one, extends the spell,
“ The favour of yon magic well.
“ Pernicious spell ! it could not save
“ Your mother from an early grave—
“ Nor all your kindred—murdered—slain—
“ Still warring for their land in vain !
“ She died, and I alone was near—
“ An aged minstrel none could fear—
“ To me she told the legend wild—
“ ‘ It yet may save my orphan child !’

“ Your ancient house is one of those
“ On which a friendly sprite bestows
“ Its guardian care :—and such have been,
“ In olden times, more frequent seen,
“ Tending the favoured race which they—
“ Ere yet released from mortal clay—
“ Had loved. Of such an one I tell,
“ The Spirit of yon fairy well.
“ In wild, uncertain times of old,
“ A maiden, formed in Fancy’s mould,
“ Was parted by sad fate from one
“ She fondly loved, and loved alone ;
“ And to her ear, vain rumours sped
“ That he was faithless—or was dead :
“ Bewildered—maddened at the thought—
“ Swiftly yon crystal fount she sought ;
“ One plunge....Alas, alas, Sir Knight,
“ You may not stay her spirit’s flight !
“ Enough :—she knew how true thy love
“ And, smiling, rose to realms above.

“ Since then, yon fountain has the power
“ To soothe the lover’s wayward hour :
“ One of that hapless maiden’s race
“ From thence the dread unknown may trace.

“ Her wandering spirit loves to hover
“ That trembling crystal streamlet over ;
“ And give, to constant hearts, a spell
“ The truth, the doubtful truth to tell.
“ She who may seek that sainted tide
“ At that sweet hour at which she died,
“ And there, with invocation meet,
“ May call her from her sad retreat—
“ Will know the fate, whate’er it be,
“ The truth or infidelity,
“ Of him on whom she once relied,
“ Of him”—
“ Enough !” the maiden cried ;
“ Enough. I bless thy simple strain ;
“ Old man, adieu ; we meet again.”

VII.

Athwart yon forest tall, the setting sun
Now smiles again the lovely scene upon.
In sweet repose, the silent valley lies
As blending with the softness of the skies
And spell-bound nature’s thrilling harmonies.
No breath in heaven—no sound upon the earth—
Too sweet for sadness and too calm for mirth—
The lonely vale, as one entranced, lay

Whose livelier passions held no longer sway
Though smiles diffused o'er the set features play.

The sun's faint beams once more the dell illumine
From 'neath yon pine-clad mountain's verdant gloom ;
And, softly gliding o'er the waving grass,
They smile a bright farewell—then onward pass,
And, gleaming horizontal splendours, pour
 A flood of light beneath the forest trees
Whose noonday shade they might not pierce before
 Nor chase the prisoned, cool, refreshing breeze.
Though thus again o'er all the vale they glide,
They may not reach yon fountain's mystic tide ;
That towering rock o'ershades the bubbling wave
And the wild flowers its swelling waters lave.
No stone or marble binds that limpid stream, (7)
Its verdant banks with nature's favours team.
The yellow primrose faintly smiles around,
And humble daisies strew the moistened ground ;
There sweetly droops the lily of the vale,
Still fondly smiling though her cheek be pale—
Dreaming that sorrow will no more assail ;
The violet there her gentle fragrance shed
But 'mid the grass concealed her modest head,
Yet bid the kind forget-me-not go forth
And to the world proclaim her kindred worth ;

These, blending every varied scent and hue,
Upon the emerald margin sweetly grew,
Or, stooping lightly o'er the stream beside,
Gazed on the wave with their own beauties died,
And, smiling, kissed the fair resplendent tide.

So pure that tide, that, buried far below,
Bright pebbles with their undimmed polish glow ;
While, starting up, the prisoned waters rise
As young hearts bound with heaven's own energies
'Mid the cold world that heaving round them lies.

VIII.

A frowning rock, with opening wide and vast,
Dark o'er the glistening fount its shadows cast ;
Within this cave—far shrouded from the sight
And sheltered in her veil of virgin white—
Fair IRA watched till the descending sun
Proclaimed his gladsome course was nearly run.

And here she follows every trembling ray
As, one by one, it smiles and fades away ;
And silent sits within the dreary cave
While twilight closes o'er the magic wave.
Night comes apace—here will she boldly wait
To interrogate the wild decrees of fate.

Hushed is the vale ; but as the noonday flowers
Recall their sweets—too precious to be shed
Unnoticed through the coming darksome hours
And close their leaves on every fragrant bed—
Then soft, at times, a wild and plaintive sound
Of wandering music floats along the dell,
While faintly from the cave the notes rebound,
Waking the fairy Spirit of the well.
And soon does lovely IRA recognise
Who wakes those sad and trembling symphonies,
For still the aged minstrel roves aside
And fondly waits on CORMAC's weeping bride ;
And, softly sighing, oft the maiden hears
The aged man thus wake the grief of other years :—

Song.

I have a withered wreath ;
Though faded be its flowers,
I court their languid breath
And think on happier hours
When bloomed they round that youthful brow...
Like them, that form is faded now !

Dear—dear—that withered wreath !
Its faded flowrets tell
Of her who sleeps beneath
The grass in that lone dell.

No prayer could stay her early doom....
That withered wreath no more will bloom !

IX.

See—see, at length, the moon's young crescent soar
And on the vale, its silvery radiance pour !
The fading forms of rock, and wood, and stream,
Tipped by her light, in mild effulgence beam ;
Then steal her rays far o'er the silent glade,
As smiling to dispel the twilight shade,
And lambent fall upon the wooded mount
Whose rugged brow o'erhangs the fairy fount.
Nor checked her beams by the far-spreading cave—
Faintly they glisten on the magic wave....
This, ITA ! this the hour to prove the spell,
To invoke the gentle Spirit of the Well !
Now, when the beams their first soft influence pour
Upon the tranquil wave, now—now—the hour !
And see—the hapless maiden trembling stands,
Then, sudden starting, wrings her slender hands,
And—while she bends above the fearful stream,
Her vest reflecting bright the silvery beam—
No longer o'er the wave her large tears fall
But fondly on the Sprite thus her wild accents call :—

Invocation.

Oh, blessed Spirit ! hear oh hear
A maiden of thy race !
Forgive her if she summon thee
From thy sad resting place ;
For thou hast known the cruel grief,
The pang of doubt and fear,
Then, maiden give, oh give relief—
Attend—attend to me !

Old legends tell 'tis now the hour
When thy sad spirit fled ;
And, maiden, I would die like thee
If every hope were dead.
Then—oh ! in pity—kindly show
To me thy saving power ;
By all the pangs the heart may know,
I pray thee come to me.

To thee I kneel, on thee I call—
Forgive my eager prayer ;
Forgive the voice of misery,
The anguish of despair.
Oh, pardon my unstudied song —
The words unheeded fall ;
For doubt and grief to me belong
And, maid, I call on thee !

For thine, too, was a loving heart,
And is there not a spell
That blends in hapless unity
Hearts where deep sorrows dwell ?
Thus, boldly, then, I cry for aid
And spurn the words of art—
Thou too hast been a loving maid
And thou wilt pity me.

Then come from thy blessed seat above
And bid this mystic wave,
That saw thy holy spirit flee,
Thy weak relation save.
I have not told . . . but wherefore say ?
Enough—enough—*I love !*
To thee I weep—to thee I pray—
Dear Spirit pity me !

X.

She paused. The silvery moonlight fell
Calmly o'er the glassy well.
Unbroken silence reigned above,
Nor stirred the palsied air,
Nor wafted one stray curl aside
Of the maid who knelt in prayer
Entranced within the cave of love,
Bending o'er the moonlit tide.

She paused. And bright a lambent beam
Played upon the fairy stream :
Not a tiny wave then circled o'er
Its glass, nor kissed the flowery shore :
Still and calm the pure waters lay,
Bright beaming in the silvery ray,
Fixed as ice on a wintry day.

She paused. A sudden rush of air
Waved aside her tresses fair ;
And, sweeping o'er the glassy wave,
Breathed hoarsely round the hollow cave,
And, rushing o'er the flowery bed,
Rudely raised each drooping head
And all its slumbering fragrance shed.
And as it sighed around the cave,
The rocks an answering echo gave
And, murmuring, waked a plaintive tone,
Responsive to the wild wind's breath,
Such as departed souls might own—
The soft, unsettled song of death.
And the sound swept o'er the magic well
As the distant dirge of a funeral bell,
Or the winding hum of some mighty shell,
Where the echoing roars of the tempest dwell,
As the secrets of ocean its sighs to tell.

XI.

Silent the anxious maiden lay
Fondly o'er the enchanted stream
That glistened in the moonlight ray.
Then, as the phantom of a dream—
While the hoarse breeze swept wild around
And the rocks gave back a hollow sound—
Then, faintly in the deep well shown,
She sees—she sees the image dear,
The watery image of her own
CORMAC—beloved—lost—mourned—appear !
Far—far—beneath the crystal tide,
He smiles upon his loving bride ;
And long she gazes on that face
And strives to plunge to its embrace ;
But—fettered by some hidden spell,
Fast bound beside the magic well—
Its flowery bank she may not leave.
But wherefore does the image grieve !
To her it fondly strives to raise
Its clasping arms—what—what delays ?
Again—behold—it strives again—
Oh anguish ! See yon watery chain....
What ! prisoned—bound ?—But, maiden, see—
Those walls are surely known to thee ?

Beneath the tide, their outline trace—
The ancient castle of thy race !
“ Oh joy ! oh joy ! ” fond IRA cries
And blissful tears o’erflow her eyes.
Incautious maiden ! dash aside
 Those tears—in vain—alas ! alas !
They fall upon the spell-bound tide—
 Light circlets wreath the magic glass
And small waves o’er the vision pass :
Dropping the sleeping well upon,
Its shadows vanish one by one,
And now—and now—all—all—are gone.

PART THE FOURTH.

The Battle.

Song.

Away, my soul ! nor linger here
Confined in prison lone and drear ;
Though tyrant's chains I proudly wear,
 Away—thou—thou art free !
Can aught delight the banished heart ?
Can aught one cheering hope impart ?
Ah no, my soul ! still—still—thou art
 In exile when with me.

Another wreck on Freedom's shore
Whose beacon lights a sea of gore !

But thou, my soul ! canst proudly soar,
Nor fate can strike thee low.
No more—no more—on her I gaze,
But fondly as in happier days
To her my loving spirit strays
Nor heeds an exile's woe.

My heart is dreary—vacant—lone—
The glowing dream of hope is gone—
And would'st thou—would'st thou linger on
And share my dull decay ?
Ah no, my soul ! I charge thee flee !
Hark ! hark !—her spirit calls on thee !
Oh, bid her kindly think of me—
Away—Away—Away !

II.

Thus still of love was CORMAC's song,
Love blends with every patriot wrong.
Nor deem his spirit weak and tame
Though love divide the holy flame
That fiercely burns in freedom's name.
Two fires may rule the wayward soul
Though one might never hold controul ;

Where one might never reign alone,
Two make the wavering heart their own.
For even passion may decay
Where once it ruled with mightiest sway—
If on itself still domed to dwell
With nought the lonely flame to swell,
With nought fresh ardour to supply,
Its light will burn awhile—and die.
To passion, passion ne'er was foe :
Each new one but reflects the glow
The other wakes and serves to impart
New vigour to the willing heart.

Is CORMAC's soul to ERIN tame
That IRA shares its patriot flame ?
Does his good sword less gladly rise
That she of victory be the prize ?
Can *he* forget lost ERIN's woes
Whose breast for ERIN's daughter glows ?
Not so ! the heart, thus doubly steeled
By noble passions, ne'er can yield ;
Honour and Love, thus blent in one,
Were ne'er betrayed by ERIN's son.

III.

How slow the weary moment's roll
O'er him who feels his buoyant soul—
Whose powers, the proudest boon of heaven,
He deems for highest purpose given—
Thus turned to nought—thus wasted all
By hostile fate's resistless thrall !
Oh, the fierce throbbings of the mind
Thus—thus—to mute decay confined !
To feel the bright, ennobling spark
Of intellect grow dim and dark—
Unprized—inglorious—and unknown—
With none its energies to own—
To feel it slowly fade away,
More faintly glowing day by day . . .

As he who sinks on desert plains
While yet a glimpse of life remains,
Beholds the ravenous vulture soar,
On heavy wing, his faint limbs o'er,
Prepared, ere the last breath be gone,
To dart his quivering corpse upon—
So feels the expiring soul, condemned
In weary rest its fire to spend.

The gasping wretch with trembling eye
 Marks the wild bird above him fly ;
 Unable to avert his doom,
 Looks on his destined living tomb ;
 Too weak to move a palsied limb,
 Hears its dark wing flap over him ;
 Faint and more faint his flickering breath,
 Near and more near the shriek of death !
 Could consciousness forsake his mind,
 To his lost fate could he be blind....
 But vain—oh vain !—Thought lingers on,
 Thought bears him back to pleasures gone—
 To all the dreams he formed of yore,
 Built on young Hope's delusive store,
 And now—here—here—he fainting lies—
 Lost—lost—his once proud energies—
 This—this his fate—he dies—he dies !....

So fails the soul's aspiring fire—
 Fails the proud hope—the fond desire—
 The glorious mind that should have shone
 A bright illumined path upon—
 All fail !—all fail !—Away ! Away !
 Oh ! why must THOUGHT still lingering stay
 To mark the progress of its own decay ?

IV.

Thus, CORMAC, must thy spirit fall,
Thus droop within yon castle wall ?
Hark !—hark !—what varied, mingled sound
Ascends thy prison walls around ?
Up—up—arouse thee !—dash aside
Of gloomy thoughts the swelling tide !
Beyond those grated walls, behold—
The banners of thy followers bold.
Thy prison known, shall they not strive
Their captive chieftain to relieve ?
The hold that guards him may be strong
And hostile legions round it throng
And form beneath the castle wall—
But they will rescue him from all.
And see—they join ; those turrets proud
His bands' wild cry re-echo loud—
“ A RESCUE !” the fierce patriots' cry,
“ CORMAC ! A RESCUE !” rends the sky.

Now proudly bends the native bow ⁽⁸⁾
And countless masses mingle now.
From every glen and every height
They speed, with wild, ungoverned might,

Those veteran forces to assail
That—fixed as tower in wintry gale—
Unbroken, still unswerving, stand
The rush of each untutored band :
So angry mountain torrents pour,
With dashing foam and echoing roar,
Their billows on the ocean sea
That smiles on their wild energy.
But even discipline may fail
When mightier—holier—powers assail :
Courage—revenge—and patriot ire
Of every breast illume the fire :
No cause of terror—none of grief—
Within those walls their prisoned chief—
Death to the slave brings but relief. ⁽⁹⁾
Still on they rush—unwearied still—
With glowing hope and stubborn will—
“ A RESCUE ! ” their advancing cry,
“ A RESCUE ! ” as they sink and die.

V.

And what does prisoned CORMAC now ?
Still does his blood as calmly flow !
Still o'er his pensive, mourning soul
Does IRA's image hold controul ?

Does she engross his mind alone
While—from that turret gazing down—
He sees his noble bands beneath
For him and ERIN rush to death ?
For IRA, does he still forego
Each prouder feeling ?—Deem ye so ?
Can love a mind like his enthrall
When holier claims upon it call ?
Such thoughts of love might erst delight,
IRA and honour erst unite,
But e'en though Indolence might sway
His mind, yet, when it once was fired,
Nought could its wakened powers delay.
As by some foreign strength inspired,
His ardent soul could proudly rise,
Recall its dormant energies,
Scatter its lightnings and forget
All that it most had cherished yet,
While every quivering pulse should start
To the high beatings of his heart.
He hears the war-cry from below,
“ A RESCUE ! CORMAC ! ”—“ No, not so !
“ Not so, my friends ! your only cry
“ Be ERIN ! ERIN ! LIBERTY ! ”

Vain words!—he smote his fevered brow—

“ Why—oh why am I not there?

“ This—this—might be the final blow—

“ An idle gazer—mad despair!

“ To gaze on deeds I may not share!”—

In anguish sinks his forehead proud ;

He veils his eyes and weeps aloud.

Aye weeps! and tears of shame and ire

Course down his cheeks as liquid fire.

And now the pang is o'er—and now

On his arm rests his heavy brow,

In dreary calm—far worse than grief ;

Despair gives but a poor relief!

But list!—a step draws near :—in vain—

More loud the throbbings of his brain—

He hears it not, nor lifts his head—

In palsied grief each feeling dead.

Entranced by Thought's o'erwhelming pain,

He hears it not, nor lifts his head ;

“ CORMAC !” a voice beside him said,

“ Dear CORMAC !” spoke that voice again.

He gazed!—'twas IRA stood beside ;

He gazes on his lovely bride :

And yet he stirs not, and his eye
Dwells on her figure vacantly.
To him, her voice and person seem
The lingering vision of a dream.
As one from fevered slumber woke,
He gazed on her—nor moved nor spoke.
No dear remembrance of the past
O'er Thought's dark cloud its lightnings cast.
His eyes across her features stray
In idle gaze—then turn away.

“ CORMAC !—thou know'st me not ?—oh see—
“ This face was once well known to thee :—
“ Nay, CORMAC ; turn on me those eyes—
“ What means this apathy ?—arise—
“ 'Tis I—thy IRA—stand beside,
“ Thy own imprudent—loving bride :
“ Nay, dearest ! speak—oh speak to me—
“ I come to save—to set thee free :
“ Oh come—for hark !—the trumpets sound”
“ To set me *free* ?”—With sudden bound
He rose ; and, with a wildered smile,
Gazed sadly round him for a while—
A moment—then, with transport blest,
He caught his IRA to his breast.

VI.

And now by many a path unknown—
Oft hewn within the living stone
Beneath the castle or beneath
The plain where speeds the work of death—
They wind ; and IRA swiftly guides
In silence still the dreary way ;
But where, at length, a faint beam glides
And round them sheds its dubious ray—
While speed unchecked their course impels—
Her simple tale the maiden tells :—
“ It vails not, CORMAC, thou should’st hear
“ How was thy prison known to me ;
“ *’Twas known* ; and there, for many a year,
“ Had passed my early infancy :—
“ Of my proud father, then the seat—
“ From tyranny a safe retreat.
“ He fell, and forfeit were his lands,
“ His walls upheld by Saxon bands ;
“ But to the foe, as yet unknown
“ The secrets of that ancient place ;
“ They hold its open walls alone,
“ Its windings they might never trace.
“ Thou wert their prisoner ; but nor they
“ Nor thou hadst known this secret way

“ To yonder tower—’twas known to me
“ In earlier times—and thou art free !
“ But now our path is nearly done—
“ For see—I came not here alone—
“ See there our faithful minstrel wait,
“ Still clinging to his patron’s fate,
“ With twenty of thy followers brave ;
“ The battle rages near, and wave
“ Thy banners countless thousands o’er—
“ Adieu—adieu—we part once more !
“ Oh ! haste thee—haste—’twere base to stay—
“ Heed not my tears—oh, haste away !”

From his high breast her head she raised,
And through her falling tresses gazed—
How fondly gazed ! and a faint smile
Beamed o’er her pallid cheeks the while.
Then, striving each large tear to chase,
She gently drew from his embrace,
Nor spake ; but softly whispering “ go,
“ Dear CORMAC, go !” she turned her round
With cheerful eye and open brow—
Then sank upon the grassy mound !

VII.

"CORMAC ! A RESCUE !"—still the cry
Of death ascends unceasingly.
As falls a grove 'neath iron blow,
Sink the wild patriot squadrons low,
And still unmoved the wary foe.
But see—fast spurring o'er the plain—
His hardiest followers in his train—
Young CORMAC hastens—vengeance speeds,
With its own fire, their foaming steeds.
The distant plain they swiftly clear—
Fall sudden on the unguarded rear—
The foe recoils with doubt and fear—
How came the dreaded chieftain there ?
His pennon, too, seen by his friends,
To their tired strength new vigour lends :
"CORMAC AND ERIN !"—now the cry—
Rebounding back from hill to sky,
Finds echoes in the breasts of the faint enemy.

Enough !—Enough !—The day is won—
The tyrant force is broken—flown—
Dispersed and routed—never more
To raise a hostile flag on beautiful ERIN's shore.⁽¹⁰⁾

VIII.

Where is victorious CORMAC now ?
Let others chase the flying foe,
Far dearer, gentler cares are his,
Far other cause has he of bliss !
Where from his IRA he had flown
And left her fainting and alone—
There, there, beneath those spreading trees,
He hastes her terrors to appease.
Vaulting from his reeking steed,
While ERIN'S foes around him bleed,
He clasps her fondly to his heart—
“Mine ! mine !—oh, never more to part !”

Hist ! Hist !—’tis night ; and dark the sky
Spreads o’er the landscape drearily ;
Nor moon, nor star appears on high
Athwart yon cloud of blackest die,
All is calm and still and mute—
Hushed be the weary minstrel’s lute.
Let no human strains ascend
Or with the soft hour strive to blend,

So calm the earth, you well might deem
A Spirit rode the heavy breeze,
A Spirit sighed o'er yonder stream,
A Spirit stilled yon forest trees :
The nightingale forgets the hour,
Entranced within her silent bower.

SPIRIT OF TIME ! yes—thou art near—
'Tis thy passing wing I hear !
O'er the drowsy landscape stealing,
Unperceived thy noiseless flight,
But thy silent course revealing
To those who watch with keenest sight.
Let me not that course delay ;
Speed, oh speed thy even race !
And I will linger on thy trace
And fondly mark thy glowing way ;
Mark the path where thou hast been,
The goal that still allures thee on,
And softly pause awhile between
Ages to come and ages gone.

SPIRIT OF TIME ! where—where are now
The lurid phantoms that so long
O'er the world's early-furrowed brow
Dark as sulphureous thunder hung ;—

When Man—however great and brave—
Bowed from the cradle to the grave,
To Fiction still a willing slave ?
Where—where is now the potent charm
 Bid him before his fellows fall,
To chains extend a nerveless arm
 Nor doubt the despot's right to enthrall ?
While thousands meekly bent to one
 Their craven heads, thy wing passed o'er—
They start—the tyrant's power is gone—
 They rise—the tyrant's seen no more !

SPIRIT OF TIME ! thou, too, hast seen,
 While man yet bowed him to the sod,
The despot harshly intervene
 Between the helot and his God !
Unsatiated that his limbs were his,
 Hast thou not seen the tyrant strive
To rend from him the only bliss,
 The only hope that bade him live ;
And o'er the secrets of his soul
Toil to extend his fierce controul ?
Hast thou not seen him doomed to bleed,
Or kneel to his oppressor's creed ?
But while he meekly knelt or bled,
Thy pinion swept above his head,

And softly breathed "thy soul's thine own"—
He hurls defiance bold to the tyrant's bigot throne !

SPIRIT OF TIME ! all silent power
That grows with each succeeding hour !
To thee we bow—to thee we raise
A chorus of eternal praise.
Gladly thy dictates we obey,

Gladly we see thy power encrease—
Sole ransomer from Fiction's sway,
True source of joy and hope and peace !
Oh, thou at length—at length—wilt show
That FREEDOM is no faithless beam
Whose flickering rays deluding gleam,
But a bright torch whose spreading glow
Shall o'er the clouded future stream ;
And thou, at length, will bid us bless
RELIGION starting pure and free,
In her unaided loveliness,
From Man's debasing policy !
Proud Spirit ! whencesoe'er thy birth,
Or wheresoe'er thy flight may end,
Still speed thee o'er our heaving earth,
Let speed upon thy course attend !

Though sailing o'er us silently,
We feel thy grateful presence nigh;
And hail the motion of thy wing
O'er us softly quivering.
Oh ! speed thee—speed thee—hasten on—
Banish errors one by one,
Thou all-redeeming power—thou power without a throne !

BATH. ⁽¹⁾

Lettre du CHEVALIER de L'EUROPE au MARQUIS de LA FRANCE.

Bath, June, 1828.

At length, *mon cher Marquis*, the season is over
And all the BATH belles are in haste to recover,
In airier climes, the fresh hues that once shone
On those cheeks—now so pallid—their radiance gone !
But moral reflections my pen must delay
Till, evoking the past, it has told you the way
In which BATH and all ENGLAND appear to the glance
Of one who may wish to compare them with FRANCE.

You may seek, I assure you, the whole island round
Still BATH is the place where most *fashion* is found.

How refined in its tastes e'en a stranger must feel,
 For all whom he meets are "so *very* genteel!"
 No *bourgeois*—*roturier* here will be seen!
 They are all so well dressed—and the streets are so clean—
 And even the shops are so splendid and neat....
 To a foreigner's eye 'tis a glorious treat!
Car, mon cher, il est vrai qu'à PARIS tout est beau,
 But compare it with BATH and it seems but so—so!
 In the one, mixed with dirt, are some *quartiers sublimes*,
 But *here*, *all* is built on one *elegant* scheme;
 And the people who dwell in this land of romance
 Have nothing to do but to dress, walk, and dance—
 Besides "flirting"—but this in a moderate way—
 Sad, solemn, and sour—so we cannot gainsay.

Though no longer sick crowds come to drink the BATH
 waters,
 Or pennyless Irish to court their rich daughters,
 Yet plenty of company still is found here
 Who in *social perfections* pass most of the year;
 And the ladies are pleased their sweet faces to show
 Off to all when to MILSOM-STREET "shopping" they go:
 And often I marvel how much they all buy—
 Not one day in the week but "a-shopping" they hie!
 This MILSOM-STREET 's quite like the *Rue de la Paire*,
 And *les élégants* here too spend most of the day,

And lounging about—for what else should they do ?—
 They admire Miss' eyes—or her hat—or her shoe ;
 Yet such dowdies ! their dress, *je t'assure, fait rire !*
 And 'tis strange that they all should prefer “ shopping ” here
 In the midst of the crowd :—but, withhold, my rash pen !
 Nor suspect that they come to be seen by the men.

Thus in “ shopping ” and *staring* ⁽²⁾ the morn is past o'er,
 Or in leaving their visiting-cards at the door
 Of their friends ;—and, *mon cher*, if you could but conceive
 How they work the brass knockers !—in PARIS, believe
 Me, should any one knock half so loud, the *gens d'armes*
 Would to horse and suppose that the mob was in arms.
 But here nothing comes on't : the doors are full thick ;
 And the noise is of use in distracting ⁽³⁾ the sick.

It is now nine o'clock . 'Tis in vain I would try
 To describe the gas lights that are flaring on high—
Je l'avoue, à regret, we have none such in FRANCE ;—
 So I'll take you to LADY BLANK'S house—there's a dance.
 Here the knocking redoubles, and equipage all—
 I mean sedan chairs—drive right into the hall !

Now suppose that you've taken a cup of weak tea,
 And are mounting the carpeted stair-case with me ;

Your Mentor and guide ;—" LADY BLANK—you'll allow...
 'Tis my old friend *le Marquis*." . . . She's glad of a beau—
 Men are wanted in Bath—and you onward advance
 To the next room in which they're beginning to dance.
 "What pretty quadrilles !"—from all quarters you hear—
 "They are quite new"—By PARIS, exploded last year.

"But see," you exclaim, as we pass through the door,
 "Fruits, flowers, and fiddles pourtrayed on the floor !"
 "What symbols !—octangular, circular, square !—
 "I thought 'twas a ball !—*est ce qu'une sorcière* !"
 "Or a mathematician their paces controul ?"
 "*Qu'est que ça signifie ?—dis moi donc ; mais c'est drôle !*"
 Your surprise I once shared ; but then what would you say
 Did you see ropes and bars stretched across in this way ?
 "*Mais comment ?*"—On my word ; I assure you 'tis true ;
 At THE ROOMS 'tis a sight every Thursday you view.
 Scarce that white glove is raised to the musical hosts,
 They surround us with cords and with green iron posts.
 It seems they're required the wild impulse to check
 Of some dancers whose energy threatens the neck
 Or the shins of bystanders, and rudely extends
 To the neighb'ring quadrille—where confusions it sends.
 But in all private houses, they dare to dispense
 With the ropes and the posts ; while they guard 'gainst
 offence,

From less skilful performers, by flower-chalked wreathes.
 “What civilisation this elegance breathes !”

Ou, donc, vas-tu ?—“To ask that young lady to dance.”
 But stop, *mon cher Marquis*, you’re not now in FRANCE ;
 You’ve not been introduced, “*Qu’est ça, donc, y fait ?*”
 “Really, Sir, I don’t know you,” she’d scornfully say ;
 You must be introduced—but you must, I protest . . .
 “Not I ! like herself, in this house I’m a guest :
 “Would an improper guest in this house be produced ?”
Bah ! bah ! c’est fort beau—you *must* be introduced !

“A waltz ! no one rises !—what do they expect ?”
 Why very few waltz—it is not thought correct.
 “What mean you ?”—They deem it an *improper* dance
 In ENGLAND—*though all of them waltz when in FRANCE*.
 But in LONDON and PARIS, one custom obtains—
 No *roturier* waltzes—no *noble* refrains :—
 For there, as with us, all the high people waltz,
 And none but an *esprit roturier* halts.
 But *here*, I suspect other reasons withhold ;
 To waltz with such *lourdeaux* the soul must be bold !
 See that couple—the man, straight and stiff, pivots round
 While his partner frisks near him with many a bound ;
 And those others who rush all their neighbours before
 As resolved to Macadamize them and the floor ! . . .

“ Now see—those who whisper—retired more apart—
 What keeps them aside ?”—An affair of the heart :
 They are flirting. “ What’s that ? ” I can scarcely explain,
 That word in our language does nowhere obtain ;
 Still less is the practice by us understood :
 Yet ’tis pleasant—though doubtful if equally good.
 But hereafter of this you must judge—for I fear
 That, at present, no words to your mind could make clear
 A mode so adverse to that pure etiquette
 Round the maidens of PARIS so carefully set.
 Human nature you say is, in all lands, the same ;
 But its workings in some are confined and more tame.
 In FRANCE, the “ small passions ” more faint we descry,
 For our *demoiselles* are a nonentity :
Le monde n’est là que pour les mariées—
 And they have it, I own, pretty much their own way !
 But here, while the married look solemn and sour,
 To prove that they none but their husbands adore,
 We see the young people themselves take a part
 In the world, and themselves chuse the man of their heart ;
 So that episodes—curious, tender, or fierce—
 Their social monotony vary and pierce.
 Hence flirting. Though FRANCE has no word to express
 Such a practice, its rules you’ll be able to guess
 By supposing that *that* which we call *papillonner*
 Is acted on girls ;—for ’tis said that no one may

Around married women thus flutter and court—
So the maidens alone have the whole of the sport ;
And of all English cities, this place is confest
To be that in which flirting is carried on best.

A man says to himself *mais, ma foi, je m'ennuis !*
He gazes around him and chances to see,
Unobserved by the dancers, a timid young girl
O'er whose forehead the ringlets still gracefully curl,
While her manners, so artless, too plainly declare
Her a stranger till now to the town's tainted air :
Still around her the light charm of thoughtlessness moves
Still unbroken, still fresh from her dear native groves ;
And the young blush of health still illumines that cheek
Where the dimples of joy and astonishment break.
The youth sees her—admires—and strange sentiments steal
O'er his bosom—so long unaccustomed to feel.
He is soon introduced—now they dance—now they walk—
Then, seated beside one another, they talk—
Then they “ stand up ” again—and the evening is spent
In admiring each other—but nothing is meant !
In different parties, they “ flirt ” for a while,
And the envious look on with a whisper and smile.
This continues some weeks, till the growing *tendresse*
Bids the young man “ propose ”—Not a bit !—less and less
His attentions become till, unnoticed, they die,
And he turns on some other his laugh and his sigh.

Here you have of one sort. Then some girls have a name,
And to "flirt" but with them would give any man fame.
In such cases, deep sorrow their hearts will not break ;
They "flirt"—but 'tis fame and nought else that they seek ;
Prepared all they say and they do to forget
When another more suited may chance to be met.

Second class. In the third, which includes a great many,
The man has got money—the girl not a penny.
Both she and "mamma" are in search of a match,
And will go *full half-way* any good one to catch.
Fear not for their *hearts* ! She but strives to obtain
His *hand*—and they both are so silly and vain !
Fear not for their hearts ! they are witty and funny,
But one has too much and the other no money ;
And the coxcomb, ere long, finds it "damnably flat"
And gives to another his senseless chit-chat.

Such the motives, the manner, and end of "flirtation"
Which alone checks the "*spleen*"⁽⁴⁾ of this dead-alive
nation.

And oh ! blame them not ! your reproaches forego !
Tell me not of the hues of the untainted snow
Ere the bright sun of noon on its purity rise—
Far more fair are the hues its fond lustre supplies,
And chastely it smiles while the glittering light
Plays upon it with timid, half-stifled delight.

Tell me not that from flow'rets the odours depart
 If their sweet-smelling fragrance too oft they impart ;—
 More healthy the flow'ret that blooms in the air
 Than our weak hot-house plants bred with tenderest care :
 Through the blasts of *the season*, the one will bloom on—
 But breathe on the other—its fragrance is gone.

In FRANCE, a far different plan we pursue ;
 Have we cause to commend it ? .. Enough : *taissons nous !* ..
 And, in order to finish this long dissertation,
 I'll send you a song—A DEFENCE OF FLIRTATION :

1.

Oh ! doubt not his heart though inconstant he rove
 And repeat to each fair one the story of love ;
 For his homage to many so idly profest,
 Betrays the dear truth of an o'erflowing breast.
 As the flow'ret's gay colours beam brightly around
 Tho' the stem whence they blossom be hid under ground,
 So, granted thus freely, his vows but proclaim
 That in secret, his heart, knows a steadier flame.

2.

But false are the words that to others he tells
 And the tone that his harp half-unconsciously swells ;

Like far-spreading echoes, their prompter unknown,
 His songs breathe the feelings waked only by one.
 So the seal that you gave him, tho' often it bear
 The enigma to others unaltered and clear
 And ever present the same words to their view—
 Means nothing except when he sends it to you.

3.

Or e'en if, for one fleeting moment, he pray
 At each fairly-wrought shrine that he meets on his way,
 Believe him, the vows that he utters are true,
 But his soul, all the while, deems 'tis speaking to you !
 So the dews, that are drawn up from fair blossoms here,
 In the rays of the sun glitter richly and clear
 And, soaring awhile, with false brilliancy glow—
 Then haste to return to their vallies below.

Now, *mon cher*, you'll excuse if in this hurried scrawl,
 I have ventured, with you, to inspect a BATH ball ;
 And to lead you, in fancy, *des bords de la Seine*
 To this land where some customs as idly restrain
 As some others relax :—*mais un homme de sens*
Rit de tout et se dit—MAIS ILS SONT AMUSANTS !

CONTINUATION

OF

COLLINS' "ODE TO THE PASSIONS." (5)

* * * * *

So Collins sang : and, were it not prophane
 To add a line to his all-beauteous strain,
 I, too, would seek young MUSIC's " magic cell"
 And what *his* heart dislained, mine, mine should tell !

He sang "THE PASSIONS ;"—surely LOVE was there
 To breathe its rapture through the quivering air ?
 Soon as the rest had ceased their varied song,
 LOVE darted forth and singly stood before
 While backward fell the still-contentious throng,
 To listen to the strain his phrenzied heart should pour.

Silent they stood ; and cast away
 Their varied instruments of sound ;
Lyre and pipe and viol lay
 Scattered o'er the dewy ground,
For oh ! they felt how weak and vain
To cope with Love's enraptured strain !

Harp or pipe neglected lie ;
And o'er them all the urchin's eye
Is bent—to either fondly straying,
All their several merits weighing.
He fears that none can well impart
The high aspirings of his heart ;
That none can breathe the varied feeling
O'er his buoyant spirit stealing.
Each its thrilling tone may lend,
But none can every feeling blend ;
Each may the happy soul delight,
 Breathing its own peculiar tone,
But none can every tone unite
 And blend them sweetly all in one.

Not long the doubt ! For soon, with beaming
Transport in each feature gleaming,
Scorning their weak, divided power,
He turned to Music's hallowed bower,

Where still the heavenly maiden smiled
Benignly on the contest wild.
Boldly to her feet advancing,
Looks of pride around him glancing,
He stood within her "magic cell,"
And grasped her own enchanted "shell"—
That "shell" that in itself united
All that in the rest delighted.

He seized it. Hark ! what thrilling sound
Trembles on the air around ?
Hark ! its native notes arise—
Its own sweet strain the shell supplies—
Unalloyed by force or art
From their natal shell they start.
From Music's sacred symbol stealing,
To every wakened sense appealing,
A soothing murmur—rising—falling—
Mad contention all enthralling—
O'er THE PASSIONS transport shed :
Each, in turn, with bashful head—
Startled by the conquering tone
That rose superior to its own—
Lingered—lingered—lingered—fled !

Love remained within the cell
And still he held the magic shell.

And still its thrilling notes ascending—
With every hidden feeling blending—
Fire his own enraptured breast,
Fill his soul with transport blest ;
 For oh ! how well
 That magic shell
Breathed the thoughts he longed to tell !
And as its gentle notes arose,
Still—still his phrensied rapture grows,
And still his eye more wildly glows ;
Still they whirl his heart and soul
Away—away—beyond controul !
Still—still the charm endures ; till fired—
 Maddened by the entrancing lay—
To the sweet song himself inspired,
 He faints in Music's arms away !

CLAVERTON CHURCH-YARD.

BESIDE a wooded vale it lies ;
Far down, the winding Avon's seen
Athwart the lofty elms that rise
More near—a noble, verdant screen !
The humble tombs no notice crave :
Here be my grave.

No boisterous sounds disturb the place,
But calm seclusion soothes the mind.
While 'mid the dead our steps we trace,
We pity those they've left behind.
Ah ! surely death is meant to save,
And kind the grave !

Few are the tombs that rise around ;
And these bear signs of tender grief.
Yet not *too* sad the mournful ground :—
We feel the parting is but brief,

And thoughts of death we boldly brave
And love the grave.

The humble church stands close beside
And rears its sturdy, gothic tower.
But now the mantling ivies glide
Above it. Many a creeping flower
Has dimmed the sound its bells once gave
Above the grave.

Beside that tower, I oft have strayed
When hope was young and fresh as life ;
In that low church, I oft have prayed
And now . . . kind death will give relief !
Beside that tower—beside that nave
Oh, make my grave !

Oh ! make my grave in this calm spot,
So formed to charm the weary heart !
And if—when by *the world* forgot—
Its bids one pitying tear to start,
My soul will come and linger here
Till dries that tear.

NATURE'S GREETING.

"o das Leben, Vater,
"Was Reizte die wir nie gekannt!"

WALLENSTEIN.

A Parody on "NATURE'S FAREWELL," in No. cXL. of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A YOUTH rode back to his childhood's home
From the crowded paths he had sought to roam,
And the green leaves whispered as he past
"Returnest thou, then, to thy birth-place at last?"

"Remembrance of what thou art seeking here
"Has lingered around thee 'mid doubt and fear ;

" Amid vain, heartless mirth and in barren hours,
" Thou hast thought on our shade and the Spring's wild
" flowers.

" Thou hast thought on the arch by our mingling made
" Where thou and thy brother have gaily played ;
" Ye will meet again where ye roved of yore
" And deem our soft shade far more soft than before !"

On rode the youth ; and the boughs among
Thus the wild-birds o'er his pathway sung :—
" Welcome, fond youth ! from the world's rough way,
" From its boisterous cares to our joyous lay !

" Thou has known the applause of the world was vain,
" And thy heart's lingering echo repeated our strain ;
" Afar from the foliage remembered full well,
" It has lured thy steps back by its gentle spell !"

On rode the youth ; and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with fond Memory's dreams :—
" We have been thy playmates through many a day,
" Long years could not fade our loved image away.

" Listen again to the sound of our mirth,
" It has come in thy dreams of the place of thy birth !

“Thou hast sighed in the boisterous world's harsh flow
“For the peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

“Thou viewest the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
“But the world has not altered thy spirit free ;
“Passion and sorrow its depths have stirred,
“But the song of our waters was ever heard.

“Thou would'st take in world's barren mirth no part—
“What could it do for a feeling heart?—
“Thou hast brought to the banks of our freshest rill
“That thirst which no joy of the world could still !

“Oh ! welcome again and again to thine own !
“Time has given our music a lovelier tone !
“Sad was thy soul 'mid the world's heartless mirth—
“Then welcome ! again to the place of thy birth !”

And the gloom that had long on his spirit weighed,
Dispersed at the sounds of his native glade ;
For distance had never the bright spell broke,
And his heart felt the greeting which nature spoke !

THEKLA'S SONG.

From Schiller's "Wallenstein." (6)

THE oak-wood quivers—the clouds drive o'er—
The maiden wanders beside the green shore ;
The billows dash on it with mighty sound,
And, singing aloud to the gloom around,
Her eyes 'mid their tears wildly roved.

Her heart is all shattered—the world is drear—
And life presents nought to hope or fear ;—
“Thou holy one ! call thy child from below,
“I have known all the bliss the earth can bestow—
“I have lived, and oh ! I have loved.”

GHOST STORIES.⁽⁷⁾

THE night is wild.—The hour is late.—
The fire half slumbers in the grate.—
At times, a flame more bright ascends—
It gleams—it sinks—in darkness ends.
The rushing blast—harsh—bleakly—blows
O'er pastures white with drifted snows.
Among the clouds, the moon rides high—
Pale as the frozen—wintry—sky.
Some rays upon the floor are cast
Through casement shaken by the blast.

Here—crowding round the sleeping fire—
Absorbed in conversation dire—
Each trembling as the other taught
What deeds by spirits had been wrought—

By spirits which—at times—had stood
 Before corporeal flesh and blood—
 The friends—with still-encreasing dread—
 Hung on each word that either said.

The eldest now once more began
 And the other's blood more chilly ran.

First Story.

Betrothed the lovers long had been—
 'Twas thus he told the first sad scene—
 But still the bridal was delayed :
 Dread thoughts upon the maiden preyed.
 She feared her worldly fate to unite
 With one who held all doctrine light—
 With one who scoffed at heaven's high throne,
 And neither Faith nor God would own :
 This fear her gentle spirit staid,
 And—though she loved—she still delayed.

By fever, her betrothed was smote,
 And, dying, thus to IAMA wrote :—
 “ Long—long—I hopéd ;—but now—'tis o'er—
 “ Adieu—adieu—we meet no more !

" I die :—and soon my soul shall know
" If, after death, be bliss or woe.
" The doubt with me you would not share ;
" That night then, when I die, repair,
" Alone, to my new grave :—you then
" Shall surely know whose faith is vain."

With neither hope nor fear, he gave
His soul to chance—to lose or save.

Now IRMA weeps and fondly prays,
And on high heaven is bent her gaze,
While to his solitary tomb
She speeds to learn her lover's doom,
And pray that God would take his soul
And bring it to the blessed goal.

While here—at night—she trembling sighed
For that dread boon which, when he died,
Her spouse had given ; and longed to know
What his immortal soul could show ;—
While night—unbroken by a star—
O'erspread its darkening mantle far,—
A groan came from beneath her feet :
And near her stood—in misty sheet—
The shadowy form of him she loved.

His lips of cloud then slowly moved :—
“ You sought a boon from heaven or hell—
“ The sign I leave the truth will tell.”
He raised his fading arm on high—
With wild despair he shewed the sky,
Then sank it, with mad anguish, low
And laid the palm on IRMA's brow.

That form no more was ever seen :
But, where his hand of cloud had been
Upon poor IRMA's forehead placed,
There—there—until her death—was traced,
Upon the skin of fairest white,
A black—black—black—and endless blight !
Where that unearthly hand was laid,
No flowing hair—no flowery braid—
Could hide the dark—unchanging hue—
Till death its blending shadows threw
Across her cheeks of pale—pale—white ;—
Then, slow it faded from the sight,
And left her brow clear—pure—and bright.

A long sigh breaks from all around.
Nor long is heard another sound.

Till HUGH—half fearful—lifts his eyes
And other cause of fear supplies.

Second Story.

The preacher argued long and well
On bliss of heaven—on pains of hell ;—
Shewed what sad woes on those await
Who harbour thoughts of deadly hate ;—
On those who pass this fleeting life
In passion, envy, or in strife ;—
Who toil to cause their neighbour's death,
Or joy when flies his latest breath.

With sudden start, Dame GERTRUDE quits
The pew where, as entranced, she sits :
And hastening on—her friend beside—
With silent steps they homeward glide. ⁽⁸⁾
When near the door, they lift their eyes
And, at the window, each descries
A female form that, in the room,
Appears to wait till they shall come.
They enter now the house ; ascend
The stairs—in hopes to find a friend.
They pass the door with noiseless feet—
That form still looks upon the street.

Dame GERTRUDE now—with hastening pace—
Bedecked with every smiling grace—
Though knowing not who this may be,
Hails her with soft civility.
The figure turns :—a face of woe
Convulsed by many a wicked throe,
Convulsed by madly gleaming ire
And writhing as from inward fire—
Dark on her gleams. Dame GERTRUDE falls :—
Upon her friend she faintly calls :
Her friend receives her in her arms ;
But she who caused these dread alarms,
No longer in the room is seen
Nor aught appears where late she'd been !
None saw her pass through porch or door,
And GERTRUDE spoke not of her more !

From this dark fact—well-known and true—
The minds of all the party drew
One common creed : for they believed
Or sought, and loved, to be deceived.
Then WILHELM rose ; and thus he told
Of deeds that awed each spirit bold.

Third Story.

Long—long had ROGER watched by night,
And scorned the noon-day, gairish light :—
Bent o'er deep studies—dark—forbid
To human eyes—to mortals hid.
Long—long, 'mid studies dark, he strove
To pierce Uncertainty's drear grove,
And cull one branch of clearer hue
From plants innumerable that grew
'Twixt night and day ;—boughs starting out
From darkness that spread round about,
But soon o'erwhelmed by jealous cloud—
Like Beauty veiled by Death's dark shroud.

How many hours were quickly past
In hopes that must deceive at last !
In thoughts of worlds to us unknown—
Of spirits—disembodied—flown
From clay in which, sometime contained,
To mortal earth they had been chained !
But now—released from such controul—
Each proud—each haught—immortal soul
Might tell of worlds that higher dwell,
Or teach him what all-powerful spell

Could open Facts—Facts—to his sight,
And charm—though knowledge self should blight.

Immersed in these wild thoughts, he stands
And wrings, at night, his withered hands.
While quiet nature sleeps around
And lambent moon-beams kiss the ground,
He thus exclaims :—" Ye powers I love,
" Whom near me I believe to move,
" With whom, for years, I've sought in vain
" Embodied converse to attain—
" Come !—By that god ye all obey.
" My spirit curses this delay !
" Appear !—whate'er the price may be,
" I give it—though I die to see !"

Sudden, the dry leaves whirl on high—
In eddying circles, round they fly—
And, glittering in the moon-beams bright,
Moan in th' uncertain blasts of night.
That blast which stirred the sleeping air,
Soon sinks in stillness. Dead and fair
Entranced nature seems to wait
For sudden change of awful fate.
Clear and more clear the moon-beams fall
As they themselves had heard the call ;

Till one stray beam from heaven starts light,
Seeming empowered in its flight
To take e'en a substantial mould.

The wizard now—no longer bold—
Is startled by the unnatural gleam,
And gazes on the steady beam.

While thus he wonders—cold and dumb—
A hollow voice exclaims :—" I come !
"Thy prayer is heard. Then quickly speed
" And follow in the path I lead !"

What is the spell that leads him bound,
As fast, he hurries o'er the ground ?
No guiding form before him leads,
Yet onward—onward still he treads
And glides along a given way
Urged by a force that nought can stay !
On as the spell-bound ROGER past,
The church-yard field was gained at last.
Here sudden checked—bound to the soil
By fear that made his blood recoil,
The wizard stopped beside a mound :
Then heard was this unearthly sound

That thrilled his soul :—" Vain fool ! 'tis here
"Thou hast the answer to thy prayer !"

Next morn, the sage's corse was found
Stiff—cold—beside that church-yard mound.

While all the party, silent dread
Benumbs, and each, with lowly head,
Still fears to cast his eyes around—
The casement shakes—a hollow sound—
A moan—is heard without ;—and oft—
By distance made more wild and soft—
Ascends the house-dog's stifled bay :
The moon-beams now no longer play
Upon the floor ;—the fire is gone—
Its embers vanished one by one ;—
Cold and dreary is the room,
And still—amid the encreasing gloom—
That hollow moan is heard beneath
The glassy porch ; and still the breath
Of rocking winds—the mastiff's bay—
The shivering casement.....

Legends of the Rhine.

THE MINSTREL OF THE RHINE.

A Minstrel reclines on the fair Rhenish shore
And his soul has oft thrilled to its legends of yore ;
But his hand o'er the lyre he now carelessly flings—
Hope beams in his eye—and thus lightly he sings :
“ Oh ! fair are the hills that around me arise,
But fairer the thought their rich beauty supplies,
For each happy vale and each mountain I see
Bids my spirit recur with new pleasure to thee !

“ What though nature her favours so largely bestow ?—
The mind o'er each charm its own shadows will throw ;
Unvaried the blaze of the river's wide stream,
Yet each wave flashes back its own separate gleam ;

Though the rose all its gaudiest colours may wear,
What 'vail its gay leaves if the scent be not there?—
So the fair banks of Rhine, 'mid their own brilliancy,
Have a charm to my soul from its musings on thee !

“ The purple grapes bloom on the banks of the Rhine
And glowing with mellow transparency shine,
And the glad peasants cull the rich stores they supply
As I hoard the sweet thoughts of dear moments gone by.
They are gone—but fond Hope every care can beguile
As the wild plants that blush o'er yon mouldering pile;
But as hastens the stream undelayed to the sea,
My soul from its tide hastens gladly to thee !

“ Let me long wander thus, all unheeded and lone,
And dimly recur to the days that are gone ;
When each castle in ruins—each ivy-clad tower
Was of Knighthood the pride, or of Beauty the bower.
As their bleak, hoary walls that now pierce the blue air
In the smooth, glassy flood are reflected more fair—
So their legends of love and of brave chivalry
But pourtray all my soul would have acted for thee !”

IMAGINE OF ADOLPHSECK. ⁽⁹⁾

His wounds are healed : she bids him fly
Nor sees his swelling heart repine :
From every foe that hovers nigh,
She guides him to the banks of Rhine.
And must he pass that glowing wave ?
And wilt thou leave him, novice fair ?
Unprized the life thy convent gave—
More needed now thy gentle care !

Ah no ! from him she may not part ;
With him, she speeds beyond the tide.
Long days of love o'er either heart
Swift as the neighb'ring torrent glide.
But, rouse thee, ADOLPH ! honour calls !
Thy foe unto thy throne aspires !
The maid from Aar's delightful halls
To cloistered Rosenthal retires.

'Tis night. The lonely altars hear
Her sighs and prayers : she starts—for see
Her lover's faithful dog appear—
Its master, where, oh ! where is he ? . . .

Stay—stay—dear maid ! Seek not the plain
Where royal ADOLPH met his doom—
She hears us not—our prayers are vain . . .
She sleeps upon her hero's tomb !

THE FOREST OF STROMBERG.

ALAS ! the fort of Argenfels
No longer sways those woody dells !
From Holy Land the youth has sped,
But where is lovely BERTHA fled ?

The dismal woods stretch far and nigh
Where Stromberg rises to the sky :
Full many a day the mourner roves
Through mountain glens and dreary groves.

But see, beyond those spreading trees
A holy nun upon her knees ;
Before a humble cell, she prays—
The youth beholds with anxious gaze.

She hears the rustling branches wave—
Oh ! who should seek her lonely cave ?
She turns—she rises up with fear—
She flies towards her cavern drear.

Oh, maiden ! cease thy dread alarm—
She faints upon her lover's arm !
Could poor attire or lowly cells
Disguise the maid of Argenfels ?

GISELA OF RUDESCHEIM.

SIR Knight ! why speak that angry word ?
She may not take the veil—
Her youthful heart has kindly heard
A lover's gentle tale.
Thou would'st enforce thy cruel vow ?
Away !—the torrent roars below—
The rocks are steep—
The waters sweep
In eddies strong and loud and deep !

Why rests the boatman on his oar
When evening twilight lowers ?
See ! See ! her form aerial soar
Above those ruined towers !
And hark !—the wild and plaintive sound
That thrills the misty air around—
He hoists his sail,
The mournful tale
Still sighs along the echoing vale.

THE ONDINA OF LURLEY.

THE Nymph reposes on the shore
And sings her parent Rhine ;
The COUNTRY leans upon his oar
And hears her voice divine.
Delighted with the magic sound,
Unheedful of the rocks around,
While she sings her luring song,
Still he lurks the shoals among,
Till, amid his fevered joy,
Billows overwhelm the dreaming boy.

A coral string is in her hand,
The river flows beneath ;
She smiles upon the hostile band
And shows her coral wreath.
Her suppliant arms she wildly flings,
Invokes the stream and sweetly sings :—
“ Father Rhine ! to thee I cry
“ And their mortal power defy ;
“ Thou wilt save a child of water,
“ Thou wilt save thy cherished daughter !”

How vain, indeed, their warlike power !
Behold the river foam—
It veils her in a watery bower—
It wafts her to her home !
While thus the nymph the billows bear,
Still—still her notes they sweetly hear :—
“ Take your COUNTRY from the wave,
“ Take him from his crystal grave ;
“ See the boy restored again
“ From ONDINA’s mild domain !”

THE COUNTESS OF CLEVES.

THE Countess gazes on the Rhine
So grand, so bright, so fair !
Its glowing waves resplendent shine
And woo the evening air.
A sail unknown the castle nears,
A golden swan the sign it bears.

Oh ! happy dreams of hope and youth,
On *her* your spell is laid !
The hero's fame and love and truth
Have won the orphan maid.
Thy father's choice in Palestine,
Oh, lovely Princess, now is thine !

The Knight of Schwanenbourg behold—
The Countess is his bride !
That banner proud, the swan of gold,
Streams o'er the Rhenish tide.
Long—long that happy tide will flow,
But grief will strike the banner low.

Alas ! the Countess sits and grieves—
Unprized that beaming strand—
For he has fled the shore of Cleves,
Has fled to Holy Land.

Though lovely be the glowing wave,
Still lovelier far a pitying grave !...+

THE FAIRY HAND OF NUSSBACH.

“ I am born of the fountain
“ That flows from the mountain ;
“ Its waters so pure are my fairy home.
“ I have loved thee too kindly,
“ I wed thee too blindly,
“ But oh ! let thy heart to no other roam.
“ My form would forsake thee,
“ One sign would o’ertake thee—
“ My HAND would pursue thee with import wild :
“ Though dearly I love thee,
“ That hand would reprove thee
“ And call on the waves to avenge their child.”

Like the fair lily glowing
On the wave ’neath it flowing,
The Nymph sweetly gazed on her hero pure :
Like the wave brightly beaming
With the hues o’er it streaming,
He stood in the faith of his heart secure.

With gladness he wed her,
To Stauffen he led her ;
Long months of delight on the warrior smiled :
But the Rhine was invaded
And honour upbraided—
To glory he flew from his wife and child.

Now laurels have crowned him
And honours surround him—
The Duke would award him his daughter fair.
The guests were united,
The bridegroom delighted....
The Nymph's fairy HAND was seen high in the air !
With terror he started—
O'er the drawbridge he darted—
But sank in a torrent unknown and wild ;
For his faith he had broken
And the Nymph's angry token
Bid the waters avenge their deluded child !

THE ROLANDSECK.

A mournful knell is sadly sounding
O'er the convent pile.
From echoing Drachenfels, rebounding
To the holy isle.
Now thy life of pain is over,
Dear, deluded maid !
From the rock, thy faithful lover
Saw thee droop and fade.
And now thy knell is sadly sounding
O'er the convent pile,
From echoing Drachenfels, rebounding
To the holy isle.

But one short hour, thy vow delaying,
Would have changed thy doom !
And now ROLAND had not been praying
O'er thy wave-washed tomb !
But shall fate delude him ever,
Still his hopes betray ?
Pitying death ! *thou* wilt not sever,
Thou wilt not delay ! . . .
A mournful knell once more is sounding
O'er the convent pile,
From echoing Drachenfels, rebounding
To the holy isle.

THE MAID OF FLOERSHEIM.

THE noble maid no longer smiles ;
No loving care her grief beguiles ;
Her youthful cheek no longer glows
With happy hue of blushing rose :
In vain, sir Knight, thou would'st essay
To chase her dark despair away,
And, bid her think on hope and joy . . .
Alas ! Alas ! that shepherd boy !

And he is dead ! The maiden hears
His luckless fate, and veils her tears.
No more, beneath the spreading tree,
He'll pipe his rural minstrelsy,
And idly raise his blithsome song
Nor deem *who* lurks the groves among,
Who hovers near with trembling joy . . .
Alas ! Alas ! that shepherd boy !

She seeks his grave ; then wildly speeds
To deck her brow with holy weeds.
The convent-tower is dimly seen,
A torrent darkly flows between.
Her path is o'er a treacherous wood—
It yields—betrays her to the flood !

No more she feels or grief or joy....
Alas ! Alas ! that shepherd boy !

FALKENSTEIN, OR THE DEVIL'S ROAD.

HIGH o'er the Rhine, stands Falkenstein
On a lofty rock of might ;
And IRMENGARDE is the lovely ward
Of its dark and gloomy Knight.
"Thou shalt have her hand when, at thy command,
"These yawning cliffs unite,
"When a pathway straight to my castle gate
"Be formed in one short night !"

Now CUNON roves, the maid he loves
Despairing more to see,
For the rocks are steep and the clefts are deep
O'er which the road must be.
He sought a dell—a mouth of hell—
Where demons wandered free :—
"In this one night," said a wily spright,
"I'll make a road for thee.

"If thou wilt grant the boon I want,
 "This night my power will show ;
"Thy miners bold, in search of gold,
 "Have reached our home below ;
"Divert thy mine—towards the Rhine
 "The veins more richly flow :
"Dost grant my prayer so just and fair ?"
Said CUNON "Be it so !"

'Tis twelve o'clock. The barren rock
 Is silent all and drear ;
And the maiden bright looks on the night
 With anxious doubt and fear.
'Tis twelve o'clock :—o'er the barren rock
 What sounds spread far and near ?
The mountains part and the miner's art
 Ere morning will appear.

At early morn, proud CUNON's horn
 A cheering summons blew,
And his warlike steed, with breathless speed,
 Straight to the draw-bridge flew.
On the work of the sprite the gloomy Knight
 His hurried glances threw,
Then gave his ward fair IRMENGARDE
 To CUNON bold and true.

TO A NAME.

“ I have a passion for the name of **MARY.**”

BYRON.

No ! in vain thou would'st dissemble—

Smiling through the rising tear ;

Still I ever see thee tremble

That most simple name to hear !

Does that word in thee awaken

Thoughts of terror—thoughts of shame—

That thy every pulse is shaken—

Startled by a simple name ?

Does it tell of grief and sorrow—
Does it tell of care and woe—
Do deceit and treach'ry borrow
Sweetest sounds to veil the blow ?

Or, perchance, the future—beaming
Brightly o'er with halcyon blaze,
Every anxious pain redeeming,
Every woe that now betrays—

Bids thee quell the thoughts of anguish
That consume thy throbbing brain,
And arouses hopes that languish,
Bound in sorrow's icy chain ;

Bids that gentle name—revealing
Many a future joy and bliss—
Call on ev'ry slumb'ring feeling,
Ev'ry hope of happiness ?

No ! ah no !—But it recalls thee
Some sweet vision dimm'd and gone—
Some bright spell that could enthrall thee—
Some dear—fond—beloved ONE !

Well, alas ! thy heart may quiver
When it hears that cherish'd word !
All unmov'd oh ! never—never—
Can that name by thee be heard !

Hark !—it softly brings around thee
All the rapture now no more—
All the spells that once have bound thee—
All the hope and love of yore !

See before thee soft appearing,
Ev'ry feature pure and light—
Ev'ry charm and smile endearing—
Ev'ry promise—once so bright !

Was it, then, a dream deceiving ?
Is it all—all—vanish'd—flown ?
Does thy bosom, faintly heaving,
Feel that all—all—all—is gone ?

If 'tis so—if all is blighted
And that name no more can give
Fairy hopes that once delighted—
Fairy hopes that bid thee live.—

If 'tis so—if, all deserted,
Heaves thy bosom wearily
As it sighs o'er days departed—
Then, indeed, I pity thee !

Weep with thee !—But oh ! believe me,
Many a solace yet is thine ;—
Tho' that cherish'd name may grieve thee,
Thou would'st ne'er the pang resign !

Where's the word around thee spoken
Can so fondly charm thy heart ?
Is there any magic token
Can so dear a bliss impart ?

To *other* names, I see thee listen
With a patient—ready—ear ;
To *that* name—thy eyelids glisten
With a silent—treach'rous—tear.

Once thy voice would gently falter
When it spoke that cherish'd name ;
Time can never—never—alter
Love *that* word could once inflame !

Fairy spells will cling around it—
Still upon it light attend ;
Brightest visions still surround it—
These can never—never—end !

Would'st thou—would'st thou, then, surrender
Blisses tho' replete with woe ?
And the dreams—so gentle—tender—
It alone can now bestow ?

Would'st thou bid fond mem'ry leave thee—
Time assuage each sorrow dear—
Time of ev'ry pang bereave thee—
And that name all calmly hear ?

No !—not so !—oh, let it never—
Never—thy emotion tame !
May'st thou ever—ever—ever—
Start to hear that simple name !

14th July, 1829.

NOTES TO CUMA.

Note 1, Page 12.

The STANZE DI VENERE, and the other mouldering ruins of Baja, are now, in a great degree, concealed by the climbing branches of a few straggling vines.

Note 2, Page 14.

"To facilitate the passage of the ridge of hills which divides Cuma from Baja and Pozzuoli, a nick, if I may so call it, was cut in its summit; then, to prevent the earth from crumbling down on the road that passed through the excavation, and to give a grand appearance to the work, a wall was built up on each side and arched over at the top. This arch is of brick, is well preserved, and has an imposing air. The extensive view enjoyed from the top of it, fully repays the trouble of attaining the elevation." See TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS, Vol. ii., Page 61.

On the summit of this arch—the ARCO FELICE—are the remains of constructions evidently raised in the middle ages. Is it extending poetic license too far to suppose that these were built by the bands which then held possession of Cuma, and served them as a sort of watch-tower from whence to overlook the Bay of Naples, and the whole surrounding coast—a purpose to which its situation in every way suited it ?

Note 3, Page 22.

Numerous remains of extensive Roman buildings are still seen beneath the waves on this shore. In the century in which took place the ultimate destruction of Cuma, it is probable that these ruins were much more extensive than they are at the present day.

Note 4, Page 43.

For the exactness of these descriptions, see Canon de Jorio's pamphlet at the end of this volume.

Note 5, Page 52.

The *Morgue*, at Paris.

Note 6, Page 58.

In the warmer regions of Italy, flames—occasioned by subterraneous putrefaction—are often seen to play on the surface of the soil in burying grounds. The vulgar suppose these to indicate that the dead are suffering in the fires of purgatory—or, perhaps, “worse.”

NOTES

TO

THE WARRIOR-BARD.

Note 1, Page 82.

These lines were originally written as a distinct Ode to Fancy ; but it is hoped that they are not out of place in their present situation.

Note 2, Page 87.

By this name, no allusion is intended to MACPHERSON'S King in DAR-THULA ; nor to St. Cormac, Bishop of Cashel and King of Munster,—who is “ much celebrated by the Irish writers, not only for his great learning, but for his piety, charity, valour, and magnificence ; and is styled by them a Saint, a Poet, and a King ; and who was slain in 908, fighting against Flan, King of Meath, and monarch of Ireland.”—See BUTLER. With neither of these two does our hero pretend to claim immediate kindred.

Note 3, Page 93.

This school-boy dream of Greece may appear out of place in a “ mere Irishman ;” but the editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs tells us that “ classical learning was once very common in Ire-

land, even amongst the lower classes"—how much more so, then, among their bards ?

Note 4, Page 101.

I am told that no prudent leader of an army would have exposed his person by moonlight rambles : in answer to this, I refer to ALP's beautiful midnight walk during the " SIEGE OF CORINTH," when

" He wandered on, along the beach,
 " Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 " Of the leaguered wall ; but they saw him not,
 " Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot ?
 " Did traitors lurk in the Christian hold ?"

But I have an authority which is historical and much more appropriate to this place, and which may, also, justify the apparently-undignified manner of disposing of our hero :—" One evening, during the mild weather that prevailed at that time, the Captain,—Rock—who is rather of a romantic disposition, was, it seems, indulging himself with a walk by moonlight on the banks of the river Suir—meditating, no doubt, on the events of his long life, and sighing after that peace which he *might* have enjoyed had not the measures of Government forced upon him such riotous distinction. From this reverie he was awakened by the tramp of horses, and saw rapidly advancing towards him a party of that Gendarmerie to whom, at present, is confided the task of civilizing Ireland."—Chap. xii., *Memoirs of Captain Rock*.

Note 5, Page 102.

The idea of a Fairy Fountain was, by me, first taken from the scrap-book of a young lady, a votary of the holy Nine, but whose name I am not free to mention. The author of VIVIAN GREY informs us, however, that a somewhat similar belief in *tell-tale* fountains exists in many parts of Germany.

Note 6, Page 109.

"L'homme est si grand, que sa grandeur paroît même en ce qu'il se connoît misérable. Un arbre ne se connoît pas misérable. Il est vrai que c'est être misérable que de se connoître misérable ; mais aussi c'est être grand que de connoître qu'on est misérable. Ainsi toutes ses misères prouvent sa grandeur. Ce sont misères de grand seigneur, misères d'un roi dépossédé."

Pensées de Pascal.

Note 7, Page 115.

In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris : quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderent undas
Herba, nec ingenum violarent marmora tophum !

Juvenal, iii. Sat.

The "language of flowers" is now so well known to the fashionable portion of my readers who study botany in the *bouquets* which they give and receive in ball-rooms—that, to them, any comment upon the allusions which follow in the text would be superfluous ; and to those who have not engrafted this Eastern accomplishment upon their other acquirements, I fear they must ever remain unintelligible—even though I were to tell them, in set terms, that the lily of the valley, for example, means "*retour de bonheur*." The study of languages is now much followed ;—let me recommend the "*langage des fleurs*," which, being generally interpreted in French, has, like Greek lexicons, the double advantage of "killing two birds with one stone."

Note 8, Page 129.

"It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland was derived from *Yr*, the Runic for *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert."—*Note on the IRISH MELODIES.*

Note 9, Page 130.

"Ludlow tells us in his Memoirs, that, being on his march, an advanced party met two of the rebels; "one of whom," says he, "was killed by the guard before I came up; the other was saved, and being brought before me, I asked him if he had a mind to be hanged?" and he only answered, "If you please." "So insensibly stupid," adds he, "were many of these poor creatures." Ludlow was mistaken—there was no stupidity here. Both the history and character of the Irish—their familiarity with the "*plurima mortis imago*," and their careless contempt for it—were all expressed in the answer of this rebel."

Memoirs of Captain Rock.

Note 10, Page 136.

To such as may think the appearance of the hero, supported by "twenty followers," inadequate thus to change "the fortune of the day," I beg to recall the battle of Arcole, gained, on the third day, by the sudden attack of five and twenty men whom, as a last effort, Napoleon had sent round the Marshes with orders to fall upon the rear of the hostile army.

NOTES

TO

THE MINOR POEMS.

Note 1, Page 142.

I trust that my friends of Bath will not be displeased by this letter. It contains no personal allusions; and their fair city is only brought forward to illustrate those *social* differences and variations which most surprise a foreigner on visiting this country. It was with this object, and soon after my return from the Continent, that this letter was written; and when I thought that most of the peculiarities which I noticed were as applicable to all English society as to that of this city—whose equal as an *ensemble*—though a small one—does not, in my opinion, exist in Europe.

Note 2, Page 144.

As not even the writer of this letter could have meant to assert that French ladies were more timid and retiring than those of England, he must have intended to insinuate that, when the former wish to see and be seen, they avow their object openly, and are not ashamed of an innocent and laudable ambition.

Note 3, Page 144.

In French. *distraine*.

Note 4, Page 149.

The "*Maladie Anglaise*;" according to the French.

Note 5, Page 152.

In the hope that it is not necessary for me to say that I am aware of the presumption of adding a line to this beautiful Ode, I shall merely recall to the reader that, in enumerating "The Passions," Collins has omitted LOVE.

Note 6, Page 161.

In his translation of Wallenstein, Mr. Coleridge professes an inability—which none of his readers will admit in him—to give a literal version of this song, preserving the measure of the original: shall I be excused for having thus ventured to accept the challenge which he conveys to other translators? To my friend Colonel —, I must admit that his unpublished version first encouraged me to the attempt; I could not but regret that the translation of one who had so ably answered Mr. Coleridge's challenge should have even occasionally failed to convey the exact meaning of the original. In the album of a young lady who blends the study of the German language with every other accomplishment, I have seen two other original stanzas of this song; I believe that their existence is not generally known. They are not given in my Stuttgart edition of Schiller's "Sammliche Werke," nor does Mr. Coleridge allude to them.

Note 7, Page 162.

I hope some kind critic will tell me that these stories are only suited for the nursery:—such a decision will prove that he and I behold them in the same light.

Note 8, Page 166.

This story is introduced on account of its more positive authenticity :—the lady who is described as Dame Gertrude's friend being well known, and having declared the fact, as stated in the text, to have happened in her presence in the house No. —, — Place, Bath.

Note 9, Page 173.

As it has been impossible to compress within the limits of a song all the particulars of each Legend, I deem it not unnecessary to affix to this collection a few explanatory notes.

IMAGINE OF ADOLPHSECK.

This song requires but a short note. Adolphseck is the name of a ruined castle in the valley of the Aar near Schwallback ; it was built by the Emperor Adolph de Nassau for the fair Imagine. The Emperor fell in 1298, in a battle with the usurper Albert of Austria. Such is the local tradition.

THE FOREST OF STROMBERG.

Didier de Schwartzeneck returned from the Crusades to marry Bertha of Argenfels. He found that her father's castle had been surprised and destroyed ; none knew where she herself had escaped ; the manner in which he, at length, discovered her, is given in the song.

GISELA OF RUDESCHHEIM.

John Broemser de Rudesheim was one of the bravest of St. Bernard's crusaders. Being taken prisoner by the Saracens, he made a vow to dedicate his daughter Gisela to a conventual life, if ever he might return to the Rhine. He did return :—the rest of the Legend may be gathered from the song.

THE ONDINA OF LURLEY.

A dangerous rock, near St Goar, which advances into the river,

has an echo which repeats sounds fifteen times ; hence the superstition on which this song is founded. The father of the "County" who had disappeared amongst the shoals of the rock, sent a body of men to seize the supposed enchantress :—the remainder of the story is at least as intelligible from the song as from the popular tradition.

THE COUNTESS OF CLEVES.

In a strange novel, entitled "*LES CHEVALIERS DU CYGNE*," Madame de Genlis has brought forward this tradition : I forget in what manner she swells it out into four volumes. The traditional facts are sufficiently-accurately related in the song. The father of the Countess, being in Palestine, sent Erlin de Schwanenbourg to Cleves : the princess approved her father's choice and married him. When their sons were grown up, he suddenly disappeared, informing her by letter that a vow bound him to return to her father ; she lingered and died. In this popular account, there appears to be an anachronism which I am unable to explain and have not, therefore, defined, in the song, the time of the Knight's disappearance. From these events, the castle of Cleves, said to be founded by Julius Cæsar, has been called Schwanenbourg, and a golden swan is still placed on the summit of its tower. Cleves, the capital of the duchy, is still a flourishing town and has been a place of some note in history.

THE FAIRY-HAND OF NUSSBACH.

This Legend also is as intelligible in the Song as in the popular report. It appears that the Knight of Stauffen wed a Water-Deity on the conditions related in the first stanza. I have taken the liberty of preferring the nymph's *hand* to her *foot* which is said to have been the signal of her coming vengeance. They had lived together for one year before his infidelity, at which time both the nymph and the child to which he had been father, disappeared from the earth, and the Fairy Hand announced his future destruction.

THE ROLANDSECK.

This Legend has lately been published in the form of a song by Mr. Campbell; and I would not have exposed myself to the charge of presumption in attempting what he had so successfully performed had it been possible to omit this most interesting story in a collection of Legends of the Rhine. The popular tradition is so well known that it requires no further illustration than is conveyed in the song; and its having been so fully given in Mr. Campbell's stanzas, compelled me to restrain myself to a simple allusion to those particulars which he had detailed. I must, however, remark that the local tradition represents Roland as having died of grief in the neighbourhood of the convent; and although I am aware that, when Mr. Campbell says that he

"Expired at Ronceval,"

he is supported by the general historic feeling of Europe, yet I have preferred adopting the idea, popular in the neighbourhood, that the hero was buried beside his unfortunate Hildegonde. The ruins of the tower from which he had been used to overlook her convent still remain; and I beg to insert the following stanzas in order to convey some notion of this interesting scenery.

Behold those ruins dark and grey
 With ivies clad and flow'rets gay:
 The flow'rets bloom—the flow'rets die
 And still that tower is seen on high—
 Still darkly frowns the rock above
 And tells the tale of hopeless love. . . .
 How grieved the fond, deluded spouse
 And rashly took the holy vows!

The convent's wide and gloomy pile
 Still rises on that verdant isle;

The rocky cliffs above it lower
 And still they bear that ruined tower ;
 And o'er it still the halmy gale
 Will gently breathe the woeful tale. . . .
 How came Roland next morn, and found
 By cruel vow the maiden bound !

The Rhine still laves the island shore
 As proudly as in days of yore ;
 And on the tide that rolls below
 That tower its shade will dimly throw,
 And ever bid the glowing stream
 Still murmur o'er the lasting theme. . . .
 How drooped the lovely nun and died—
 How mourned Roland his sainted bride !

THE MAID OF FLOERSHEIM.

This Legend is particularly interesting, being founded on the combat between the secret affections and the family pride of the heiress of Floersheim. Not even to the unknown shepherd does she dare expose those feelings which lead her to disdain the attentions of suitors of her own rank ; and when, at length, he dies from the poisonous bite of a serpent, the tradition concludes in a manner not unsuited to a modern novel.

FALKENSTEIN.

This song explains itself. "Devil's Roads" and "Devil's Bridges" are not uncommon when an appearance of great difficulty surmounted, invites the popular feeling to recur to supernatural agency. The road to Falkenstein still exists.

ÆNEAS

IN

The Infernal Regions.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE

CANON ANDREA DE JORIO,

SOCIO ONORARIO DELL' ACCADEMIA DI BELLE ARTI.

In translating this Pamphlet, I have deemed it adviseable to arrange the arguments of the learned CANON DE JORIO in a different order from that in which he published them at Naples. Writing on the spot, he addressed himself chiefly to readers who were acquainted with the scenery he described; but a somewhat different plan was requisite to render the investigation intelligible to those who have not the same advantage. Although among the lighter observations of my TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS, I feared to introduce much antiquarian research, I trust that antiquarian and classical knowledge and local inspection are not absolutely indispensable to the interest of this work.

It is the duty of a Translator to render, as much as possible, the style of his Original: I have not, therefore, sought to discard what, in Italy, we should call the Neapolitan animation of my friend the Canon; and I hope that, if ever he hear of my present undertaking, he will not have cause to regret that I should have wished to extend to others the pleasure I myself had derived from the study of his opinions.

NOTE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

PREFACE.

FOR many years had I ardently wished to ascertain whether, in describing the Tartarean Regions in the neighbourhood of CUMA, Virgil had faithfully availed himself of the peculiar localities of the country, or following Homer—who situates them in the same place—and regardless of geographical accuracy, had merely imagined the existence of hills, vallies, plains, rivers, lakes, woods, caverns, and flames, wherever best suited the plan of his poem.

But I dwelt much on the learned reflection of Heyne, who says that, if, in pretending to de-

scribe the country in which the Romans most delighted, Virgil had disregarded topographical exactness, he would have exposed himself to the censure and derision of all who were acquainted with the ground.

Yet was I excessively perplexed by the number of learned commentators on the Sixth Book. I found some, who after endeavouring to trace the descriptions of the Poet in a few points of his imaginary world, and being unable to follow him throughout—cut short their difficulties by supposing all the rest to be mere fiction: others who assert that the whole of his Orcus and Elysium is imaginary: and many, who not having the effrontery to call the Poet a liar, have recourse to volcanic changes, which they create and multiply according to their good pleasure, and then declare that it were vain to endeavour to follow him over ground that no longer exists; and some, who unacquainted with the country, mistake the ancient and modern names by which they endeavour to point out the different stations. Notwithstanding these difficul-

ties, I still hoped that, by uniting and studying them all, I might discover some new Ariadne to guide me through the labyrinth of their accumulated and learned wanderings.

At length, recollecting the lines of Dante's *Inferno*—

O de gli alti Poeti honore e lume,
Vagliami 'l lungo studio e'l grand' amore
Che m'ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume;
Tu se' lo mio maestro e'l mio autore !—

I courageously recurred to Virgil himself; and as the Cumæan Pythonissa conducted the Trojan hero to Orcus, and then safely led him back to the port, so did *he* securely direct my entrance and my exit from his Tartarean Regions; and by faithfully adhering to his most minute descriptions, I have been able to trace his every station, and have found them, at the present day, exactly the same as they appear in his poem.

But, had I not cast aside all his learned com-

mentators, I should most certainly have remained lost, like one of his wandering shades—vainly beseeching the rugged Charon to convey me to the opposite shore !

Let me not, however, appear ungrateful to the learned men to whom we owe so much. To Heyne, in particular, I am much indebted ; and in the inimitable translation of the *Æneid* into our Neapolitan dialect, I have often found the *spirit* of the poem as well as its *literal meaning* most beautifully expressed.* Nor have the

* *Eneide di Virgilio Marone transportata in ottava rima Napoletana, da Giancola Sitillo.* I should wish to give a specimen of this work which does so much honour to our vernacular language, by selecting some of the best stanzas ; but where all is equally good, choice were vain. I, therefore, quote indifferently :—

Ora mò ccà te voglio ! O Deie, che avite
 Dell' ombre, e de l' Abisso lo comando,
 Caosse, Fregetonte, ombre, sentite,
 No muorzo de lecienzia v'addommanno :
 Ch'io pozza dire, e buje mm'ajutarrite
 Quanto li vave mieie contato mm'hanno ;

very learned researches of Lacerda and of many other mythologists, been of small advantage to me.

My object being, then, merely geographical; it is immediately apparent that this is a question on a matter of fact—whether Virgil's poetical descriptions apply to the actual appearances of the country of which he treats.

My first and last request to prove that such is the case is contained in two words—GO AND SEE. Go and see, is the only answer I shall make

Che sta sotta la terra, e s'io mme scordo,
Nfrucecatemme vuie ca mm'allecordo.

Camminano a l'ascuro, e a la cecata
Dinto a chille recuoncole d'abisso:
Comme quanno la luna è annuvolata,
E quacch'uno viaggia lo scurisso.

E' nmiezo de no vuosco la nottata
Le coglie pe disgrazia, e spisso spisso
Penza vedere n'urzo, o no Lione,
Che po sarrà ne preta, o no cippone.

Eneid. IV. Vers. 65 and the following.

to those who may attack my conclusions. There is not a more just remark than that of Heyne : “ *Libri huius vix satis magna esse potest suavitas, nisi locorum descriptionem oculis animæque sub-jectam habias ;*” and *he* wrote in a far country. But *I* say—do you wish to enjoy the poet? go and read him, step by step, along those roads which he will point out to you by poetic names, and which I will trace by their modern designations; and then tell me how very, very different is Virgil read upon the spot which he describes, to Virgil read in your solitary study!

But, says Lanzi—*A false nomenclature is not easily amended*; and we daily see proofs of the truth of this assertion. How many people still talk of Etruscan vases! In spite of the many learned antiquarians who, both before and since his time,^(a) have endeavoured to undeceive the

(a) WINKLEMAN, BOETTINGERS, VISCONTI, ARDITI, MILLIN, QUATREMEIRE DE QUINEY, the Author of “*A Disquisition upon Etruscan Vases,*” London, 1805; MELLINGEN, DE LABORDE, SCOLTI, VIVENZIO, &c.

public, do we not continually hear people exclaim, "Oh what a beautiful Etruscan vase!"—and this of a vase ornamented with Greek letters!

Such, I foresee, will be the lot of my present undertaking. If the authority of so many authors who have endeavoured to root out the idea which, for about one century, has been formed of these potteries, has been without avail—can I hope to induce the archeologists and admirers of the Sixth Book to believe that to be a fact which four centuries have taught them to consider a dream and a poetic vision?

In order to enable the reader to trace the correspondence of the modern places to those described by Virgil, I add a list of the actual names of the places to which the figures on the map refer.

- (a) Shore of Cuma.
- (b) Rock of Cuma.
- (c) Averno, or Caneto—**AVERNUS**.
- (d) Bath or Grotto of the Sibyl.

- (e) Lucrino, or S. Filippo—**STYGIA PALUS.**
- (f) Scalatrone.
- (g) Fusaro—**ACHERUSIA PALUS.**
- (h) Acqua Morta—**COCYTUS.**
- (i) Foce del Fusaro.
- (k) Pertuso della Gaveta.
- (l) Crocevia di Capella.
- (m) Mercato di Sabato.
- (n) Mare Morto—**LETHE.**
- (o) Puzzillo.
- (p) St. Anna.
- (q) Bacoli.
- (r) Mount Procida.
- (s) Bay of Pozzuoli.

ÆNEAS

IN

The Infernal Regions.

FIRST DIVISION.

ÆNEAS with his followers, the remains of the Trojans, reaches the Eubœan shore of Cuma.⁽¹⁾ ^(a) The ardent troops leap, rejoicing, on the coast of Italy: some call forth sparks from the hard flint; some bring wood from the forests, the dark receptacles of wild beasts, and tell of the newly-discovered streams.⁽²⁾ But pious Æneas seeks the temple over which presides the mighty Apollo,

(1) V. 2. Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.

(a) See the Topographical Map.

(2) V. 5. ————— Juvenum manus emicat ardens
Littus in Hesperium: quærit pars semina flammæ
Abstrusa in venis silicis; pars densa ferarum
Tecta, rapit silvas, inventaque flumina monstrat.

and still further, the immense cavern, the abode of the dreaded Sibyl. ⁽¹⁾ (a) Already they enter the wood ^(b) and the golden temple of Diana. ⁽²⁾

Here the poet tarries to describe this temple, the work of Dedalus, and detains Æneas to admire the sculptures on its gates. The death of Androgeus, the fatal urn from which were drawn the names of the seven Athenian children, sent, every year, an offering to the Minotaur; Crete and the unnatural amour of Pacifæ, and her monstrous offspring. These and other fables arrest the attention of the Trojan hero until he is interrupted by Deiphobe, the priestess of Apollo and Diana, who thus addresses him :

This, oh Æneas, is no time for idle curiosity! Now should'st thou sacrifice, according to the holy rites, seven young bullocks and as many sheep! She then calls the Trojans into the temple, nor are they slow in executing the religious commands.

On one side of the Eubœan rock is a cavern to which

(1) V. 9. At pius Æneas arces quibus altus Apollo
Præsidet, horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ,
Antrum immane, petit—

(a) See the Map.

(b) Even now, one cannot go from the shore to the Rock of Cuma, without passing through a little wood.

(2) V. 13. Jam subeunt Triviæ lucos, atque aurea tecta.

lead a hundred vast passages and a hundred gates; and, from these, rush the same number of voices—the responses of the Sibyl. ⁽¹⁾ Arrived on the threshold, the virgin exclaims, This the time to interrogate the fates! the god, behold the god! ⁽²⁾

While thus speaking, her features and colour suddenly change; her hair is dishevelled; her breast heaves; anger swells her proud heart; her person seems to increase in bulk, and she cries to Æneas: What, dost thou still delay? Make thy vows—breathe thy prayers, or the wide gates of the fearful cavern will for ever remain closed!

Cold terror runs through the hard bones of the Trojans while their King pours forth the most fervent prayers from the depths of his breast. Gratitude to Phœbus, supplications to the gods hostile to Troy, prayers and promises to the Cumæan Prophetess, are piously mingled in his address.

The Sibyl is wildly affected by the spirit of the divinity; suddenly the hundred wide gates of the cavern fly open, ⁽³⁾ and cast forth on the outward atmosphere the

(1) V. 42. *Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum,
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ.*

(2) V. 45. *Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo: poscere fata,
Tempus, ait: Deus, ecce, Deus.*

(3) V. 81. *Ostia jamque domûs patuere ingentia centum.*

responses of the prophetess: What thou hast suffered by sea, is nothing compared to the misfortunes that here await thee. Another Simois, another Xanthos, other hostile Greeks, another Achilles will Latium offer; and, ever inimical to the Trojans, Juno will still oppose thee! Another hospitable princess and other foreign nuptials the cause of thy disasters! But take courage; a Greek city will open to thee the first road to safety.

Æneas, clinging to the altars, replies—No misfortunes, oh virgin, can be new to me or unexpected! I only pray that I may be permitted to descend among the eternal shades and see once more my dear father. Do thou show me the road, and open the sacred gates.⁽¹⁾

Aye, replies the holy prophetess; easy is the descent to hell, but hard and difficult is it to return from thence. Every approach to it is encumbered by forests, and Cocytus ^(a) rolling its black waters, surrounds it ⁽²⁾ ^(b). But if

(1) V. 106. Unum oro: quando hic inferni janua regis
Dicitur, et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso;
Ire ad conspectum cari genitoris, et ora
Contingat: doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.

(a) Cocytus is here used as the general appellation of the waters of Tartarus. See HEYNE on verse 131.

(2) V. 151. ——— Tenent media omnia sylvæ,
Cocytusque sinu labens circumfuit atro.

(b) Refer to the map if you are unacquainted with the country. Five lakes of water and the sixth, supposed to be of fire, surround the poet's well-

so great is thy mad desire to pass twice the Stygian lake, and twice to behold black Tartarus,⁽¹⁾ thou must carry in thy hand the golden branch sacred to infernal Juno, and buried in a thick bush. All the wood conceals it, and the shadows of the dark valley cover it.⁽²⁾ (a) If thou canst offer it to the beautiful Proserpine, thy undertaking will succeed. Seek it; and when found, thou wilt easily pluck it if such be the will of the Fates: if they oppose thee, all human efforts would prove fruitless. But alas! while thou art inquiring into the future, a friend of thine lies dead, and sorrow overshadows all thy fleet.

Æneas returns to the beach; hears of the death of his trumpeter Misenus; and, while his followers are engaged in felling wood for the funeral pyre, the two

imagined hell. Trace these lakes—*Fusaro, Aquamorta, Maremorto, Lucrino, Averno*, and—between the second and the third, amid these still-unextinguished volcanoes—*Phlegethon*, and you will own that, not only a poet, but a geographer might say, Cocytus, rolling its black waters, surrounds it. In an allegorical sense, I admire what Servius, Lacerda and others say on this expression of Virgil; but allegories are foreign to my plan; I seek facts only.

(1) V. 133. Quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est
Bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre
Tartara—

(2) V. 138. ——— hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.

(a) The wood and vallies that surround Avernus, and which are often mentioned.

doves, sent by his mother, guide him to the mouth of Avernus, and, at length, stay their irregular flight upon the tree that bears the wished-for golden branch. (1)(*) Æneas plucks it and hastens with it to the abode of the Sibyl.(2)

The funeral obsequies of Misenus being then completed, and his arms and accoutrements buried under the mountain that still bears his name,(3) (b) Æneas returns to execute the command of the Prophetess; and, after verifying the exactness of the preceding local descriptions, here we shall again find him and his Sibylline guide.

(1) V. 201. Inde ubi venere ad fauces graveolentis Averni,

* * * * *

Sedibus optatis gemina super arbore sidunt.

(a) See the Map No. 281. Let not the reader suppose that I have traced the windings from 2 to 201 without a definite object. Those words, *ad fauces*, prove the poet's intimate acquaintance with this country. On every side was the lake of Avernus inaccessible except from that one point. Even now—excepting where the sudden irruption of Monte Nuovo interferes with them—the hills that surround it are perpendicular; and although poetic license would have permitted Virgil to transport his hero over inaccessible crags, yet he preferred making him walk like any other mortal, and conducting him by the only practicable path—this rent in the rocky boundary of the lake.

(2) V. 210. Corripit extemplo Æneas avidusque refringit
Cunctantem, et vatis portat sub tecta Sibyllæ.

(3) V. 234. Monte sub aërio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per secula nomen.

(b) The learned Canon elsewhere proves that the modern *Monte di Procida* is the ancient Misenus, and that here, and not on the narrow *Punta di Misiseno*, was situated the town.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

Localities.

It is evident that the several topographical localities in Æneas' descent into hell, are links of one chain which can only be traced by the perfect connexion and accordance of these links.

These links, or different localities, have ever existed as at present, although they have been so scattered by commentators on the Sixth Book of Virgil, that they appear absolutely irreconcilable.

They may, however, be divided into three classes :

1. Certain and undisputed facts.
2. Disputed facts.
3. Unknown facts.

Fortunately, there are amongst the first class, two positive landmarks—the shore of Cuma, where Æneas lands, and the Elysian fields^(a) where his wanderings in hell terminate.

(a) In opposition to the idea that the ancient Elysium was situated between Baja and modern Miseno, see MARTORELLI and his opponent ANTONIO SILLA, *La Fondazione di Partenope*, who, on this subject, perfectly agrees with him.

It is, also, interesting to observe how, even in the present times, these localities maintain their ancient mythological names. Ask any peasant in the village of Bacoli, called S. Anna, the name of the place, and he will answer either S. Anna or the Elysian Fields !

But let me declare, once for all, that Virgil is the only writer I intend to follow. I say this that I may not be told of the various opinions of the ancients on the situation and number of the Elysian Fields, and on the other subjects of which I shall hereafter have to treat.

There is, moreover, the lake of Avernus, in the centre; and on its identity not the slightest doubt exists. These three well-ascertained points I took for my guides, and by their help I have been able to ascertain what was doubtful, and to discover what was unknown.

Shore of Cuma.

All the learned agree that this is the shore to which the poet brings his hero. If some say that he landed on the coast of Baja, the two opinions are not incompatible; for, according to Dion Cassius, the gulph of Baja was once called the Cumæan gulph. ^(a)

Temple of Apollo.

It were useless to say much on this subject. Local ignorance alone can mislead the antiquarian. ^(b) Go and see if, on the coast of Cuma, there is any other

(a) The discovery, made this year, of a Grecian sepulchre in Baja, confirms the assertion of Strabo. Such sepulchres prove that the Cumæan Greeks once inhabited it, and that the dependencies of Cuma extended as far as Baja.

(b) I venture to assert that, without any acquaintance with the ground, a literal interpretation would preserve from such mistakes as those into which HEYNE has fallen.

rock than that which I and so many others have pointed out, and which, even to the present day, preserves the name of the Rock of Cuma! On this rock, still exist the remains of the foundation of the temple; and beneath it, is the cavern of the Sibyl. I cannot, however, but admire the talent of a modern writer who has followed the opinion of those who place it upon the Arco Felice, and who, in order to give it a *solid foundation*, says that the Arco is built of large square stones and blocks of marble. Go and see if, in the Arco Felice, you can discover one single square stone or one single block of marble, or the least sign of their having once existed!

A learned antiquarian must he be who asserts that a magnificent temple raised by the Greeks to Apollo in times unknown to Strabo, was based upon a structure evidently Roman, and of a date, certainly not anterior to the reign of Domitian!

Grotto of the Sibyl.

Of this famous cavern of the Cumæan prophetess, Virgil gives the following three characteristics:—that it was excavated in one side of the Eubœan rock; that it had a hundred wide approaches and a hundred gates; that

these led to an internal cell ^(a) from which, in her holy transports, the prophetess delivered her oracles through a hundred passages.

Here also it would be sufficient to say *go, and see*; but much having been written on this cavern, and as, owing to its partially-ruined state, some might find a difficulty in recognising it—I will speak on it at some length.

In order to understand the great exactness with which the poet describes this cavern, we must consider it under two points of view:

1. In reference to its ancient use.
2. In reference to its present state.

In three ways did the ancients employ this subterraneous cave.

1. As a quarry for blocks of stone.
2. As an additional defence to the rock.
3. For religious purposes. ^(b)

(a) It is astonishing with how much precision and exactness the learned HEYNE comments upon the 42d and following lines of the sixth book. He places both the Temple of Apollo and the Grotto of the Sibyl where they really do exist, and concludes by saying *Paulum desero in his interpretandis*. The very learned LACERDA also speaks on this subject as might have been expected of him.

(b) MARTORELLI says that many of the grottos in this neighbourhood were dug in search of metals, and refers to the authority of Strabo and Ephorus.—*See I. Fenici*.

I.

ITS ANCIENT USE.—1. It is natural that, when, in times unknown to us, a Greek colony had landed on this shore and selected the most beautiful spot on the coast and the only one capable of being defended from possible-aggressions—it should have built houses, temples, and fortifications. It is also natural that, when stone was wanted, it should have preferred that which was close at hand to that which could only be had from a distance. (a) Here, then, is the first cause of the many excavations existing in the rock.

The vicinity of the quarry was also advantageous, inasmuch as that, if the colony was attacked before their works were completed, its inhabitants found materials on the very spot, and were enabled to continue them without danger from external enemies. (b)

During sieges—and to provide against such their attention must have been first directed—(c) facility of procuring water must have been a principal object of consideration.

By continuing their excavations beneath the mountain,

(a) It is folly to assert that all the grottos about Cuma existed before the country was inhabited. Go and see if you can find one that is not evidently the work of human hands.

(b) We shall hereafter see how this might come to pass.

(c) On this subject, consult *Découverte de la Maison d'Horace*, par M. l'Abbé de Champy. Rome, 1787.

they would reach the level of the sea and obtain it in plenty. But as the ancients endeavoured to extract the greatest possible advantages from their undertakings, they were not contented with drawing both water and stone from the mountain on which they had settled ; by its means, also, they gave additional strength to the fortress on the rock.

II.—Nature having formed this rock perpendicular on three sides, ^(a) it presented to the enemy a rampart from which the Greeks could easily defend themselves. But, by means of these internal excavations, they rendered its defence much more easy.

These internal excavations required occasional apertures through which they might receive day-light from above, and through which the stone might be drawn out.

These apertures were made sometimes horizontal and sometimes perpendicular, according to the plan which is followed even at this time. ^(b) By making a great number of them horizontal, the Greeks were enabled to draw great advantages from them in war. From the mouth of each, not only could the enemy's movements be observed, but missiles could be showered down upon

(a) By cutting away the stone on the fourth side, they have made, as it were, another rampart.

(b) In the many stone quarries around Naples similar apertures are very frequent. Along the new road to Capodimonte, several are to be seen.

him: (a) and as nature and art had rendered the fortress inaccessible from every side but one, so, from the grotto and from these more horizontal apertures, the besieged might make sallies on the foe; (b) while through the perpendicular apertures they drew up stone, water, and all that was requisite.

III.—Then, following their laudable system of turning every thing to account, the Greeks built, in the centre of this complicated subterranean, a sort of temple where they pretended that the priestess of Apollo delivered her Sibylline responses. We shall presently see how and where this temple existed.

II.

ITS PRESENT STATE.—On this head, it is well to remark that, excepting the four following alterations, all the rest corresponds with its ancient state: 1st. The entrance. 2d. The different communications with the interior of the fortress. 3d. Some positions concealed

(a) Even at the present time, many of these mouths remain open. On the right and left of the modern entrance to this grotto, some are to be seen. Moreover, this modern entrance and the openings in front of it were formerly in the number of the aforesaid horizontal apertures. A great many others may be found concealed under the earth and the rubbish of buildings fallen from above, and the briars and creeping plants which overshadow them.

(b) Towards the north; and especially where are now seen the remains of the bath.

under accumulated mounds. 4th. The external horizontal apertures.

I.—Although the present entrance be the same as that which existed in Virgil's time, yet let it be remembered that the whole exterior of the rock has been purposely changed, and has been so worn by time that it has lost its ancient form. The portion along which visitors now walk, was, formerly, part of the third range, or story, of excavations; for another aperture is visible immediately beneath it, and, from this—the entrance alluded to by the poet—it is possible to descend into another story beneath and far within the rock.

II.—As to the communications with the interior of the fortress, one is still seen on the left of the present entrance. But how many have been blocked up in digging and planting trees on this cultivated ground where once stood a city! Thirty years since, many were pointed out to me by the peasants of the neighbourhood; here, said they, we have found a *trabucco*—so they denominate regular, deep alleys.

And such, certainly existed in great numbers; for besides the perpendicular apertures which gave light to those who worked below, and afforded passage to the stone they extracted, there must have been other internal roads through which the garrison might descend to make sallies and pass, as we said before, from one

quarry to another. These communications have been blocked up by time, and I believe also by the Neapolitans at the period when they entirely destroyed Cuma, because it had become the asylum of banditti.

Even the descent, which is, as I have said, visible from the present entrance, must have been one of the shortest of these subterranean communications, because it is not passible a little below the surface of the rock.

Among all these communications, there certainly was one that led from the internal Temple to the Grotto. The temple thus forming part of the subterranean, the opinions of those who assert that the Sibyl conducted Æneas from the temple itself to the grotto, and of those who admit only one external entrance in the front of the rock of Cuma—are easily reconciled.

III.—Similar changes have occurred to the internal passages. By penetrating far within the grotto through the ancient entrance, which is far beneath that one through which visitors now generally pass—some may be seen built up with regular walls.

IV.—As to the “external horizontal apertures,” I judge, from those which are still visible, that they must formerly have been very numerous. Before passing through the present entrance, you may see some to the right and the left; and others may be discovered from

the first interior ramification to the right, or amongst the brushwood and shrubs that, hanging down from above, completely overshadow them on the outside. Moreover, the aperture, which you now see opposite the present entrance, was formerly but the mouth of one of these passages; and as the grotto is sometimes approached by this mouth, a certain author has declared that its principal entrance was situated on the Eastern side of the rock, because his *Cicerone* happened to lead him that way! This double modern entrance conciliates, however, the various opinions set forth by late writers, some of whom declare the Grotto of the Sibyl to have existed on the Eastern, and some on the Western side of the rock.

Excepting, then, these four alterations which time and the order of events have occasioned, the grotto is now as it was known to the ancients. But the most interesting question is that which involves the discovery of the exact point to which the hundred passages led, and from which the hundred voices of the Pythonissa proceeded.

If I only brought forward the description I have just given of the many external apertures existing on the eastern and western sides of this cavern, and from which the voice of one crying on the inside would naturally issue—I should have done enough to prove that

Virgil's expression is historical as well as poetical: but if this does not suffice to some, let them know that, by penetrating into the bowels of the grotto, a central point, as it were, is found in which the different internal ramifications meet, and from which the voice of any one calling aloud produces the same effect although in the interior of the cavern.

This point is still visible to whoever has the courage to penetrate to it; and whoever should do so would also find there the remains of the secret receptacle of the Pythonissa.

From Virgil, we have the first account of this cave. S. Justin and Agathias have since described it more minutely.

In 1787, Carletti, also, speaks of it;—but in his usual style, so that I cannot say whether the cavern or his account of it be the most labyrinthine; he does, however, say that he reached a point where he found the remains of the temple and of the mosaics that had once adorned it, and that a hundred passages led to this place.

For my part, in 1811, I proceeded so far on the inside that I discovered not only the different passages, but also, at a little distance in front, what seemed stucco pilastres. Their white surface that reflected the glare of

the torches amid the great darkness through which we had scrambled for more than two hours, and some human bones that we unfortunately discovered beneath our feet, so alarmed my guide that, neither by prayers or threats, was it possible to make him advance or even follow me. At my importunities, his fear changed into anger; and he became so enraged that, in order to pacify him, I was obliged to take him by the hand, and, in a conciliatory manner, promise to lead him out again. Since then, I have not given way to curiosity which, to my cost, I may call foolishly learned.

From all this, then, we may conclude that the grotto which we have described, is the same which Virgil calls the Cave of the Sibyl, and which he so faithfully portrays in two lines.

It is entered from the side of the Eubœan rock. It has a hundred doors—that is to say, external apertures—and a hundred internal ramifications that lead to the dark cell of the Cumæan Pythoness.

This cave is so situated that the Sibyl may have been said to deliver her oracles from the very temple of Apollo: since, by an internal passage, it was easy to descend from the one to the other: nor was the distance great, as may be seen by the external height of the rock. Thus, then, the different commentaries of

the learned are reconciled by the simple interpretation of the words of the poet—the facts still remaining unchanged. (a)

SECOND DIVISION.

Let it be remarked that Virgil does not mention the second journey of Æneas from the shore to Avernus; I have, not, therefore, traced it in the map. And the obscurity which is thus allowed to hang over his immediate approach to the Tartarean regions, appears to me worthy of admiration. We now, therefore, return to that portion of the poem at which we broke off to verify the corography of the first division.

There was a deep cave, it proceeds to say, with an immense rocky mouth, defended by the shadows of a dark wood and by a black lake, and above which no bird could fly with impunity. (1) (a) Here, while the re-

(a) I think the reader may feel obliged to me for the following advice. If ever he should wish to penetrate into this cavern, let him first get well acquainted with some person of the neighbourhood, and not commence until he has taken every possible precaution, nor unless he be accompanied by more than one guide.

- (1) V. 237. *Spelunca alta fuit vastoque immanis hiatu
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris;
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis.*

(a) See the map—No. 237.

quisite sacrifices are being offered up, morning dawns—the tops of the forests tremble—the earth groans—and the dogs of Hecate howl among the shades. Off, off, cries the Sibyl; and do thou Æneas draw thy sword—'tis now thy courage is needed! So saying, she rushes into the dark cavern and Æneas follows her.⁽¹⁾

They advanced amid the surrounding shades and the empty halls and regions of Dis.⁽²⁾ Having passed through the cavern, they see, in front of the porch and in the very jaws of Orcus,⁽³⁾ the personifications of various diseases and evils, and, at the other end, the phantoms of War, Madness, and the Furies.⁽⁴⁾ Here, also, an immense elm spreads far around its ancient branches^{(5) (a)} among the leaves of which vain dreams dwell. And here various monsters, standing at

(1) V. 262. *Tantum effata furens antro se immisit aperto,
Ille ducem haud timidis videntem passibus æquat.*

(2) V. 268. *Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbras
Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna.*

(3) V. 273. *Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci.*

(4) V. 278. *Tum consanguineus Lethi Sopor, et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum,
Ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens.*

(5) V. 282. *In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit
Ulmus opaca, ingens—*

(a) See the Map, at the end of the Grotto towards the Stygia Palus. It is curious that elm trees still thrive on this spot.

the gates of their dens,⁽¹⁾ alarm Æneas who seizes his sword, and would have attacked them had not his learned guide informed him of their incorporeal nature.⁽²⁾

Let us now seek the foundation, or origin, of these descriptions of

Localities.*

LAKE OF AVERNUS—THE ENTRANCE OF HELL.

After all that has been said on this lake, which has ever been called Avernus, it is unnecessary to make it the subject of a long dissertation.

It appears to me that three things are to be observed in preferring one spot to another, as that which should represent the first entrance of the Tartarean regions.

1st, That, of all those which this neighbourhood may offer, it should be the one most suited to the object.

(1) V. 285. Multaque præterita variarum monstra ferarum,
Centauri in foribus stabulant—

(2) V. 290. Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
Æneas—

* In this division of the Work, I have departed more than I have hitherto done, from the order followed by the learned author. Being myself well acquainted with the ground, I have deemed that I could make the text more intelligible to those who had not the same advantage, by classing, in a different form, the observations of the Canon, and by introducing a few of my own—for which I am, however, chiefly indebted to his other Antiquarian Works.—NOTE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

2nd, That it should be able to conciliate all the different opinions which the ancients have entertained on the entrance of Tartarus.

3rd, That it should leave a vast indistinct field open to the imagination of the poets of Hell.

As to the first : Virgil might have followed the idea of Plato, by introducing his hero into the Infernal Regions from the banks of the Acherusian lake ; but this road could have inspired no terror, nor would it have been worthy of his subject. It might be perfectly well imagined for those who do really go from one world to the other : in their case, forms and ceremonies are not wanted ; for the more rapidly they appear to pass the gates of death, the more terror does the passage inspire to the living. But in the case of a man who is supposed to go on his own legs among the horrors of hell, and to return from thence to the living—other machinery was necessary. On this account, therefore, Virgil describes the Lake of Avernus before he opens upon the easy, regular path which might have led him from the Grotto of the Sibyl to the Acherusian Lake. What would the living Æneas have thought if, after conducting him a little way on a flat road, the Pytho-ness had suddenly told him—Here is the entrance of Orcus !

Moreover ; that point of Fusaro which any one going

in a straight line from the rock of Cuma would arrive at, is the most picturesque part of the Lake, and can only call forth pleasing ideas instead of such as ought to overwhelm a visitant of hell.

In fine, there are only two dark, sombre spots in all this most beautiful region—the Lake of Avernus, and the Valley between the mountains of Baja and Procida. In the latter, there are no subterraneans, no windings, no lakes—and it was, besides, wanted as the place in which to situate Tartarus. Avernus, then, alone remained with the Grotto most conveniently situated on its bank.

As Virgil commenced his journey from the Lake of Avernus—and, that he did there commence it, every subsequent stage will clearly prove—so he afterwards passed many different points, each of which may be called an entrance, and each of which does in fact open upon a new portion of his road. Thus, when in the Grotto, the hero is

In faucibus Orci;

on coming out on the opposite side, the Sibyl tells him

Hinc via Tartarei, &c.

Then, on the shores of the Acherusia Palus, they find the multitudes who

Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

Having left Charon's boat, they find the more immediate guardian of hell :—

Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci

Personat : adverso recubans immanis in antro.

At last they reach the entrance of Tartarus, and here the poet exclaims,

Tum demum horrissono stridentes cardine sacræ

Panduntur portæ.

Thus, by considering the successive approaches and entrances, are the different opinions to which they have given rise reconciled.

3rd,—That Virgil's plan has left a wide field for the imaginations of the poets who have treated the same subject, is well-known to the learned.

But let us consider what local peculiarities now in existence can have been the prototype of the dark cavern through which we have just seen Æneas and his companion pass into Orcus, and where they were assailed by the incorporeal images of wild beasts and poetical monsters.

Whoever visits the Lake of Avernus, is conducted by his *Cicerone* to the so-called *Grotta*, or *Bagno della Sibilla*. This, like the grotto of Posilipo, is a tunnel—or arched road—cut through the mountain, and which, according to Strabo, was excavated to facilitate the communication between Baja and Avernus : and that such was its object, is sufficiently proved by its present ap-

pearance. It is now unfrequented, and the end towards Baja is generally barricadoed. But whoever has been carried along it on the shoulders of his *Cicerone* and heard the stagnant water splash, knee-deep, beneath his feet as it reflected the ruddy light of his flaring torch—will agree, on recollecting the gloomy cells he visited on his right, that no place could be better calculated to answer the poet's purpose and serve as the beau ideal of a road to Hell. Here, then, is a subterraneous passage still existing in the very spot in which Virgil describes his terrific and apparently-supernatural entrance !

The monsters who are represented as defending the passage, might be justly ascribed to the imagination of the poet, and I am not bound to prove that they had a real existence. But who knows but that, in these caverns which open upon the Grotto, and which he fairly calls the dens of wild beasts—who knows but that in these caverns the luxury of the Romans had stationed a menagerie? The word *stabulant* appears to convey such a meaning: Centaurs, Chimeras, Gorgons, and Monsters who existed only in poetical imagination, could hardly have been said to be *stabled*. All this is, however, a mere supposition; I have only bound myself to trace the corography of Virgil's Sixth Book.

On coming out of this Grotta della Sibilla—this first entrance to the Infernal Regions—we find immediately

before us the Lucrine lake. For the following reasons, I believe this to have been the celebrated Stygian Lake

Dî cuius jurare timent et fallere numen.

Speaking of the rivers of Hell, the learned Heyne asks if Virgil gave the names to his Infernal rivers, or followed the idea of the poets who had preceded him; and, after considering all that the Greeks and Latins have said on the subject, he ingenuously confesses that, not being acquainted with the scene of action, he is not qualified to determine whether Virgil had recurred to fiction and imagination, or had merely described the waters of the country and mentioned them by the names by which they were already known. Elsewhere, however, he seems inclined to think that he rather followed the dictates of imagination than of geographical exactness.

Now, I assure the reader that, although the poet of Mantua, acquainted with all the fables which his predecessors had invented, has arranged and enriched them with additional embellishments—he has always adapted them most exactly to the places he describes; and has so united every thing that he appears to have taken from the local appearances alone the plan both of Tartarus and of Elysium. Yet he not only adopted the poetical ideas of Homer and Plato, but also the ground; for it is not doubted but that Homer brought his Ulysses to this spot to seek the shade of Tiresias. But it is

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not now a question how much our poet has borrowed from his predecessors.

With respect to the Stygian Lake, let it be remembered that the word *Styx* has a double meaning—general and individual. Thus, infernal waters, rivers, lakes, boats, and woods are all Stygian: at other times, the Stygian marsh denotes particularly one of the five rivers of hell.

Now our poet in his Sixth Book employs this word in its first sense only ^(a) and never individually. We must, therefore, examine 1st, If this lake existed in Virgil's time; 2nd, To which of the waters of the Phlegræan Fields it corresponds; 3rd, Wherefore the poet has not named it individually.

1st,—The Tartarian Kingdom is said to contain five rivers, or lakes, and five lakes now exist in this region where Virgil has placed Orcus ^(b)—these are Averno, Lucrino, Fusaro, Acquamorta, and Maremorto. One of these must, therefore, be the ancient Styx.

(a) See verses 134, 154, 250, 369, 391, 439, 385.

(b) On verse 295, HEYNE says:—*Noli subtiliter, et ad historici diligentiam nomina fluviorum inferorum a Virgilio posita expectare, sed poetæ more variatis nominibus.* But according to the proofs which we adduce, the poet gave poetical names to lakes which already existed, and described them geographically; and then—as remarks the author we have just quoted—he called them either rivers or lakes or marshes, as best suited his object; but he did not situate them here or there at random.

2nd,—From amongst these, it is easy to single out the one we are in search of. It is incontestible which of the five is Avernus. Fusaro, and Acquamorta are, according to Virgil, Acheron and Cocytus ; and we shall hereafter see that Maremorto is the poet's Lethe. The fifth, therefore, the Lago Lucrino, must necessarily be the Stygia Palus of the ancients.^(a)

3rd,—It may be cause of surprise that the poet, who so exactly describes the other four rivers of Hell and calls them by their proper names, should never have mentioned the river Styx in its individual character. But let it be recollected that he wrote at a time when the luxury of the Romans was at its greatest height ; and that the other four lakes being already wanted elsewhere, the Lucrino alone remained to represent the

(a) Let not the reader be surprised that I do not undertake to refute the various opinions of modern writers who, following their good pleasure, give any ancient name they please to either of these lakes ; and still less, those who, not contented with the five that really exist, imagine as many others as suit their purpose, by describing as lakes the little pools of water that lie in holes dug to the level of neighbouring lakes. The confusion and uncertainty which characterise the writings of these persons, are sufficient to prove the absurdity of their notions.

I remember a passage in MARTORELLI v. l p. 9, -- *I. Fenici* -- which says that Strabo and Hesiod mention the Lucrine and Stygian lakes as one. It is well known that Styx was daughter of Oceanus ; and we all know that, even in the time of the Romans, the waters of the bay of Pozzuoli—which Homer calls the Ocean—flowed into the Lucrino in stormy weather, and thus created this lake ! If it did not lead me away from my subject, I should like to be more diffuse on this idea.

awful river Styx. But the Lucrine with its famous oysters was the delight of the Roman epicures; the Lucrine was the scene of the pleasures of the most noble among the Romans, who flocked to the enchanted shores of Baja: how, then, could Virgil have told his readers and his countrymen "You are all eating infernal oysters—You are all singing and enjoying yourselves on the waters of Hell!" Such rudeness would have been unworthy of him, and the Roman ladies would never have forgiven the little gallantry of the poet.

THIRD DIVISION.

Æneas and the Sibyl, having passed through the first entrance to Hell, are now on their road towards the Tartarean Acheron⁽¹⁾ ^(a) which overflowing, casts its sands and muddy waters into Cocytus.⁽²⁾ Æneas approaches the shore of the Acherusian lake and the unburied crowds who throng around it.^(b) The Sibyl

(1) V. 295. *Hinc via Tartarei quæ fert Acherontis ad undas.*

(a) See the Map.

(2) V. 296. *Turbidus hic cœno vastaquæ voragine gurgæ
Æstuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam.*

(b). See the Map, No. 305. *I hope that my readers who may have visited Naples will not be alarmed on recognising that this Infernal Acherusian Lake*

points out to him Cocytus and the Stygian lake ⁽¹⁾ and the ferryman, Charon.

Proceeding onwards they reach the pallid river ; and having, at length, prevailed upon Charon to carry them over, they set foot upon the muddy weeds of the opposite shore. ^(a)

Here the fierce barkings of the mighty Cerberus, lying within his cave, resound. ⁽²⁾ Deceiving his vigilance, Æneas gains the cavern, and quickly rises from the shores of the irremeable waters. ⁽³⁾ ^(b)

Advancing onwards, Æneas passes through the Fields of Tears, ⁽⁴⁾ ^(c) recognising his old friends and enemies

is the same as the beautiful Fusaro whose delicious oysters have so often served as an excuse and object for the still more delicious pleasure parties with which they wandered through these still enchanted Phlegrean Fields !—
See TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS. Vol. II, page 57. NOTE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

(1) V. 323. Cocyti stagna alta vides, Stygiamque paludem.

325. Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est ;
Portitor ille, Charon ; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.

(a) See the Map. No. 415.

(2) V. 416. Informi limo glaucæque exponit in ulvâ.
Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat, adverso recubans immanis in antro.

(3) V. 424. Occupat Æneas auditum custode sepulto,
Evaditque celer ripam irremeabilis undæ.

(b) That is to say he ascends the little promontory between the Lake and the sea, and passing above the Grotto, pursues his route.

(4) V. 440. Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur hyemem
Lugentes campi—

(c) See the Map, No. 426, and the following.

and swearing to Dido that he did not think

Hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.

While, therefore, in the language of a modern *roué*, he closes an episode which nothing but the domineering insolence of a Roman would have prevented Virgil from seeing was disgraceful to the character of his "pious" hero,* we will trace the road he has followed since he passed the first porch of the Infernal Regions.

Localities.

On the way towards Acheron, the Sibyl pointed out a place from which she said

Cocyti stagna alta vides, Stygiamque paludem.

This line made me abandon the present road from the Lucrine to Fusaro; as it does not lead to any place from which both the lakes are visible at once. Nor was I without another strong reason for supposing that Virgil's path led along the sides of the hills. The modern road—as may be seen in the two valleys in the map—is perfectly independent of the ancient, and, being chiefly formed by the mountain torrents, is particularly rough and irregular. Now we all know how

* I ought not to make the Canon de Jorio answerable for this sentiment:—it is not expressed in his Italian.—NOTE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

durable were the Roman roads, and some portions of such an one I discovered in the direction I point out, although I was not able to trace it in an unbroken line.

The line of road which Æneas and the Sibyl follow, appears to me to prove that Acherusia and the modern Fusaro are one and the same Lake.

In fact, when the Hero and the Priestess, passing the Grotto of Avernus—the first entrance of Hell—arrive *adverso in limine*—both which points are indisputably settled—Virgil exclaims—*Hinc via Tartarei*. Now place yourself at this spot, that is to say at the southern mouth of the Grotto, and from whence you have only the choice of three roads, and you will see that the one to the left leads to Pozzuoli, the Solfatara, and other places—all perfectly independent of Tartarus, nor alluded to in the poem; and that the one in the centre leads only to the Lucrine and the sea—the Ocean of the ancients. There remains, therefore, only the path on the right which I have selected, and which leads to the two Lakes which Virgil says are contiguous and, what is more, to the point from which, as he declares, they are both visible. These two Lakes must, therefore, be Acheron and Cocytus, which were contiguous in the time of the author as they are at present.

But with his invariable exactness, Virgil has deter-

mined which is the Acherusian. For, in the first place, he says that, in it was Charon's boat; and, secondly, that its superabundant waters and mud overflowed and formed another Lake.

The first point of evidence being merely poetical, my plan does not interfere with it: whoever pleases, may believe it: Virgil asserts the fact—and let his assertion suffice. In opposition to the second proof, some people recur to volcanic changes and suppose, whenever it suits them, that the superficies of the soil has been altered: but let the reader know that the fact asserts the contrary. The laws of nature are unchangeable and are the same now as they were at the time of which we treat. Even now, whenever the sea rises into the Fusaro, the latter throws its waters into the little neighbouring Lake called Acquamorta. And as this is the most pestilential of any in the neighbourhood—so much so that fish do not live in it—its banks, which were formerly very low, have been raised and a double dam has been formed at the point where it touches the Fusaro, to prevent the superabundant overflow of water from the latter.

Now do not the simple and natural characteristics of this lake of Fusaro authorise the poet in saying

Turbidus hinc coeno vasta que voragine gurgis

Æstuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam?

and is it not demonstrated that it is on the banks of this lake of Fusaro or Acherusia that Æneas meets Charon—

Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat

Terrible squalore Charon ?

After all these proofs and the researches which we shall hereafter enter into, I hope people will no longer say *Mira est confusio in his fluminibus*—although such are the words of the most learned commentator on the Sixth Book.

COCYTUS, OR ACQUAMORTA.

All that has just before been said on the Lake Fusaro clearly proves that this of Acquamorta, formed by its muddy waters, must be the Cocytus of the poet. In all this region, these are the only two lakes contiguous to one another, and of which he could say *Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem*; and the only two of which the one is fed by the waters of the other, and of one of which he could assert *eructat arenam*.

Why, therefore, have people taken the trouble of writing so much on this lake ! They ought to have recollected how much Virgil, in his Sixth Book, has borrowed from Plato, and, studying the real topography, have remembered that the latter says *Claustra ista aperientem excipit fluvius Acheron, post quem Cocytus est*.

I think that even the modern name is remarkable; Acquamorta corresponds with the ideas which the ancients have given us of this lake. On verse 295, Lacerda says—*Nam reliqui omnes Cocytum inducunt tacentem, stupentem, nullo strepitu, tantum cæno et lentitie valentem*—that is to say, “dead.”

THE GROTTO OF CERBERUS,

OR

THE MOUTH OF FUSARO.

As we have determined that Æneas embarked on the Eastern side of Acheron or Fusaro—since the road he follows ends there—*trans fluvium* must mean the opposite shore, marked No. 415. in my Map.

In this neighbourhood, then, the poet imagines Cerberus; nor could he chuse a point more capable of defence—the lake on the left hand and the sea on the right! But if Æneas’ track has been, hitherto, clearly explained, there will be no difficulty in determining which is the cavern of the Tartarean guard. Let us keep to the poet’s own words. He says—*adversa recubans in antro* :—now consider his description, and let me beg you to recollect, if ever you have passed over the Fusaro, whether your boatman did always run you aground on that very spot? Lift, then, your eyes, and, in front, at a hundred yards distance, do you not see

the little hill of the *Torre della Gaveta*, and, in it, the cavern of which I speak? And tell me if this is not the cave of the guardian of Hell? Moreover, this is the only grotto that exists in this neighbourhood; and, were there no other proofs, this fact alone would declare that it must be the *antrum Cerberi*.

This portion of the present Monte di Procida was formerly pierced by the Greeks, and the cavern to which we allude is their ancient canal which, introducing the waters of the sea into the Fusaro, rendered the latter a safe port for the Cumæans.⁽¹⁾ Even now, it is part of the Euripus described by Seneca.⁽²⁾ But I may be told that, as Cerberus was not a fish, the bore of a canal was ill-suited to him as a guard-house: I think that poetic license might fairly have permitted Virgil to disregard such a criticism; but I will prove that he stands in need of no similar shield.

What I have observed to happen very frequently in the course of 35 years must, doubtless, have occurred in the times of the Poet. In stormy weather, the sea throws up so much sand at the entrance of this subterranean canal, that one may pass over it dry shod on the bar so formed. In the month of May, this bar is

(1) See our *Guide to Pozzuoli*.

(2) Ep. 56.

regularly cleared away in order that the waters may continue to flow through the cavern. Virgil may have observed it while thus blocked up with sand; and thus may have placed Cerberus as a centinel within it; while, in describing the effects of the sop thrown to him by the Sibyl, the shape of the grotto justifies the expression *totoque ingens extenditur antro*.

Thus, therefore, have we discovered the cavern of Cerberus which all the commentators who have talked about it have either supposed to be a mere fiction, or have described in indefinite terms, or, if they have endeavoured to discover it, have placed it in absurd and impossible situations.

THE FIELDS OF TEARS.

Immediately beyond the Grotto of Cerberus and the little hill that rises above it, the poet situates the first division of Hell. He only mentions six, and these may be traced in the Map by the numbers 426, 430, 434, 442, 478, 577, which correspond with the verses of the text. Virgil's selection of the longest and darkest valley in the neighbourhood in which to place his different stations, is, also, worthy of remark:—unless, indeed, they had been—like the Rock of Cuma, the Lake

of Avernus, and the Elysian Fields—determined before his time. In fact, this spot, is, even at the present day, known by the same name. Go to the place called *Casse vecchie*—the remains of Roman buildings—on the Monte di Procida, and ask the peasants of the country which is the road *de lo nfierno*, and they will immediately point out a path which, leading down precipitous descents, conducts, after many involutions, to this valley which extends from the place called the *Pertuso della Gaveta* to the *Crocevia di Capella*, and the *Mercato di Sabato*.

In the Map, I have marked the *Campi lugentes* : but I must remark that Virgil—according to the idea of his times that the tears of unfortunate lovers swelled the waters of Cocytus—has situated these fields in the only place from which they could possibly flow into the *Acquamorta*.

FOURTH DIVISION.

While Æneas lingers in the Fields of Tears, the Sibyl tells him that their allotted time is passing away, and adds—This is the place where the path divides into

two; that on the right passes under the walls of great Dis and will conduct us to the Elysian Fields; that on the left leads to impious Tartarus.⁽¹⁾

Beneath a rock on the left hand, Æneas sees a great city defended with a triple wall and surrounded by the Tartareus Phlegethon which hurries along large stones amid its rapid billows of flames.⁽²⁾

Localities.

The allotted time, says the Sibyl, is passing away. It is not in my province to decide the many controversies of commentators who have endeavoured to settle the time which Æneas employs on his descent to Hell; but, according to the route which I here trace out, the ground may be passed over in a few hours.

In the Map, No. 540, I have marked the branching off of the road just mentioned by the Sibyl; and let

(1) V. 539. Nox ruit, Ænea; nos flendo ducimus horas.
Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas:
Dextera, quæ Ditis magni sub mœnia tendit;
Hac iter Elysium nobis; at læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.

(2) V. 548. Respicit Æneas subito, et sub rupe sinistra
Mœnia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro;
Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.

the reader call to mind the different stations we have already determined, and then, placing himself on the spot at which we have now arrived, he will recognise the geographical exactness of the poet. Did he turn off to the left, he would reach Cocytus, the Acherusia Palus, the Stygia Palus, Avernus—in fact, the infernal track over which the hero has just passed; whereas, the path on the right leads to Lethe and Elysium. But, even at the present day, these roads are as Virgil describes them; and I recollect the delight with which, stopping at this place, I first said to myself—“Surely this is the spot of which Virgil wrote—*Ubi se via findit in ambas?*”

In the times of the Poet, also, the walls of the City of Misenum were seen from this spot.^(a) Who will assert that he did not take from them his idea of the triple walls of the city of Orcus?

PYRIPHLEGETHON.

Virgil was obliged to follow Homer in supposing that a river of fire surrounded the walls of Tartarus. In a poem like the *Ænied*, such a fiction might have been fairly permitted. But, for two reasons, I admire the author in the selection of the place in which he de-

(a) See our Guida di Pozzuoli.

scribes this river to which I have faithfully followed him.

In the first place, he describes it as existing at the back of two half-extinguished volcanoes.^(a) Now I think the exactness of a poet cannot be questioned because—in speaking of a volcanic track at the foot of a mountain which, in his time, was certainly in volcanic activity—he says that he saw rivers of fire !

In the second place; although the poet had borrowed from Homer the idea of his Pyriphlegethon, the fidelity with which he has followed the original notion while applying it to his own purpose, appears to me truly admirable. The Greek poet says that this infernal river of fire rolled its billows into Cocytus and the Acherusia Palus. Now go and see if—from the spot of which Virgil speaks and to which I have traced him—the waves of a river could flow in any direction except towards

(a) See the Map. If the reader is not satisfied with the indisputable craters at the foot of which Phlegethon is described, let him recur to BREISLAK's Map of the craters between Naples and the shore of Cuma. He will there find another six times as large as the two I point out, and which that Author declares to have existed on the opposite mountain of Procida.

Similar volcanoes I call half-extinct. Even in our time, we see in this class, the well known *Stufe di Nerone* and the wells in their vicinity—and the many *Fumarole*—as the country people call all the warm places in the earth from which smoke issues—on the western side of the *Scalatrone*.

Acquamorta and Fusaro—that is to say, Cocytus and Acheron?

So much for the river of fire! The track which Virgil has hitherto described may be considered as the road that leads to Tartarus; for to Tartarus itself, he does not descend, but places it—according to the common opinion—in the centre of the earth:—

——— Tum Tartarus ipse
Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras
Quantus ad ætherium cœli suspectus Olympum.

VOLCANIC CHANGES.

This common-place expression to which all foreign writers who have been unable to visit our country, and all those who might have known better but who would not take that trouble without which they could not give exact descriptions—ought to be discarded by the learned. History and facts assure us that, in the neighbourhood of Cuma, Baja, and Miseno, no volcanic change, except the sudden appearance of Monte Nuovo, has taken place in the course of eighteen centuries.

This is proved by facts. Let any one see if, in all the district which Virgil has so minutely described, he can find the space of one hundred yards that is not encumbered by Roman ruins and extensive subterranean works. Besides which, innumerable Greek and Roman

sepulchres are daily discovered beneath the soil. These imaginary volcanoes must, it would therefore seem, have acted in the bowels of the earth and without disturbing the surface? Be it so: as such a supposition would not interfere with our object, we give every one full liberty to indulge it. But for the sake of common honesty, let not people talk of volcanic changes in order to conceal the negligence with which they adopt and publish their preposterous opinions.

FIFTH DIVISION.

But speed thee, ⁽¹⁾ exclaims the Sybil; I see the walls of Elysium and, in the opposite arch, the gates where we must deposit our gift! Both, then, advance along the dark path, and approach the gates by the middle road. ⁽²⁾ ^(a)

(1) V. 629 Sed jam age, carpe viam, et susceptum perlice munus.

(2) V. 633. Dixerat, et pariter gressi per opaca viarum,
Corripiunt spatium medium foribusque propinquant.

(a) The spot on which the Sibyl spoke, corresponds with the modern *Mercato di Sabato*. Here, in the time of the Romans, there was a Circus. May not the sight of this structure have awakened in the poet the idea of the gates of Elysium as the walls of Misene had typified those of Tartarus?

Let the reader stop at the place where these roads part and where Virgil says *they take the middle road*; let him stop here, and, turning towards

Having there offered up the golden branch, they entered the happy region allotted to the spirits of the blessed.⁽¹⁾ Here Æneas ascends a hillock—of which there are many in this neighbourhood—and, having found his father Anchises, wanders with him through these delicious regions^(a) and here, flowing placidly amid the rustling twigs, he sees the river Lethe around whose banks throng the impatient souls of future nations.⁽²⁾ Ascending a neighbouring hill^(b) Anchises from

Bacoli—the ancient Elysium—he will see that, if he went to the left, he would return to the Tartarean Regions; if he went to the right, he would, indeed, reach the western extremity of the Maremorto or Lethe, but that portion of it which borders upon Infernus: to enter Elysium, it was, therefore, necessary to take *the middle road*. Do you still doubt that, in writing his Sixth Book, Virgil described a country with which he was well acquainted?

- (1) V. 637. His demum exactis, perfecto munere Divæ,
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.

(a) See the Map Nos. 703 and 706.

- (2) V. 703. Interea vidit Æneas in valle reducta
Seclusum nemus, et virgulta sonantia silvis,
Lethæumque, domos placidas qui prænatat, amnem.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes populi que volabant.

(b) From this spot—No. 703—the same road by which Virgil ascended still leads to an elevated space on which the parish church of St. Anna is raised upon the ruins of extensive ancient buildings. Do you, reader! ascend this hill and see if you do not recognise the truth of the poet's expression—

— tumulum capit unde omnes longo ordine possit
Adversos legere et venientem discere vultus.

thence points out to him the spirits of his mightiest and best descendants; and having addressed the shade of the future Marcellus in more beautiful and feeling language than court flattery ever before or since inspired—they continue to wander along the blissful plain⁽¹⁾ till they reach the two Gates of Dreams. One of these gates, that, on the right, is said to be made of black horn and gives exit to true dreams; the other is made of shining white ivory, but through it the infernal gods send false dreams to mortals.⁽²⁾ Hither Anchises leads his son and the Sibyl, and then sends them forth by the ivory gate.

Æneas by the shortest cut⁽³⁾^(a) returns to his ships and followers.

(1) V. 887. ——— Sic tota passim regione vagantur
Aëris in campis latis, atque omnia lustrant.

(2) V. 894. Sunt geminae Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus Umbris:
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia Manes.

(3) V. 900. Ille viam, secus ad naves, sociosque revisit,

(a) Virgil never forgets his geographical exactness! His expression is, *secat viam*: well now, draw a straight line from the point at which we have arrived and it will lead you direct to the Eubœan shore. And, what is more, it will not cross any lake, any cavern, any principal station of Tartarus through which Æneas and the Sibyl have already passed. See the Map, No. 900.

Localities.**LETHE OR MAREMORTO.**

To determine beyond the possibility of farther doubt whether this is or is not the Lethe of the poet, ocular inspection is of far more avail than an ocean of erudition gathered from abstruse etymologies and the rhapsodies of musty writings.

In order to prove how exactly Virgil followed the mythological ideas of his predecessors, and how happily he applied them to the ground to which they had guided him, I beg to recall one of the local peculiarities which the ancients attributed to Lethe. This name was affixed to several rivers: one flowed into the Mæander near Magnesia; another near Gortyn in Crete; another under the walls of Triccae in Thessaly, a city of Æsculapius; another near Berenice in Lybia; another in Spain, and another in Bosotia. The Greeks, however, placed Lethe among the rivers of Tartarus, which its waters laved and thence extended to the Elysian Fields. Here a gate afforded communication between Tartarus and Lethe.

Now observe Maremorto. On the western side, does it not lave the Tartarean Regions, and does not all the rest water the Elysian Fields?

Reflect, moreover, that, in verse 634, the Sibyl directs

Aeneas to take the middle road because, did he follow that on the right, he would reach Lethe at the point where it laves Tartarus, not Elysium. So, at the present day, the road that passes from the *Mercato di Sabato* to Maremorto leads to its western extremity, where it is bounded by the Monte di Procida, among whose vallies is a great portion of the poet's Hell.

This being determined, go with my work in your hands and after having followed the track which Virgil has pointed out to you by mythological, and I by modern, names—you will necessarily find yourself on the eastern shore of this lake and will be obliged to exclaim, spite of former prejudices, Here I am at the

Secclusum nemus, et virgulta sonantia silvis,

Lethæumque, domos placidas qui prænatat, amnem.

I said with my work in your hands, and following the paths I have pointed out, for if you do not take the trouble of following me constantly and regularly from the grotto of Avernus to the last stage of the journey, and do not consecutively examine each ring, you will never be able to trace the involutions of the magic chain which the prince of Latin Poets has laid down.

This, and this alone, has been my great secret; and this will be the only means of securing to you the

company of Virgil through every portion of his, and your walk. Hundreds of times have I, too, endeavoured to examine detached points of this corography, and hundreds of times have I been so puzzled that I had recourse to the usual decision of preceding baffled commentators and exclaimed to myself—Ah! here the Poet must have been dreaming!

But constantly returning to the first entrance at the grotto of Avernus, I repeated

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
 Serupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris :
 Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
 Tendere iter pennis : talis sese halitus atris
 Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat :
 (Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.)

Entering the cavern and winding among its obscure departments, I found myself

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci,
 Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ,

Coming out *ulverso in limine*, I was forced to exclaim

Hinc via Tartarei, quæ fert Acherontis ad undas :

and, by repeating again and again this troublesome mode of advancing, I, at length, arrived at Lethe.—

Here I heard a voice beside me loudly repeat

Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit
 Inscius Æneas, quæ sint ea flumina porro,

Quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas.

Tum pater Anchises : Animæ, quibus altera fato

Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam

Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant.

Then ascending the hill, I found myself between the two gates which the Poet represents at the last stage of his itinerary; and I also going out by the one of white ivory on the left—returned to the port—well accompanied by vain dreams.

THE END.

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